State Library Jul 05

McKean County Miner.

HARRY L. BACKUS, Editor and Proprietor | OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE COUNTY | TERMS: $1.25 Per Year

VOL. XLII. | SMETHPORT, PA., THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 16, 1905. | NO. 7

FIRE AND HYDRANTS FROZEN UP

Hooker House Destroyed Tuesday Afternoon for Lack of Water.

COULD HAVE BEEN SAVED EASILY.

The Tenants Save Part of Household Goods—House Completely Consumed—No Insurance—Town Helpless in Case of Fire.

The tenant house of Mrs. Amanda Barron at 802 East Main street, and occupied by Mr. and Mrs. ——— Titus, their son and daughter-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Bert Titus and Mr. and Mrs. William Goss was completely destroyed by fire late Tuesday afternoon, together with part of the household goods of the above named families.

Fire was discovered in the kitchen at 4:30 and an alarm turned in. A goodly number of firemen responded to the call although the gas pressure was so light that the fire whistle was out of business, and with the assistance of a dray made a quick run to the scene of the conflagration, but owing to frozen hydrants no stream was turned on until after the walls had fallen, although shortly before this they succeeded in getting a stream on the Hall house, east of the burning building, thereby saving that building.

When the firemen reached the scene only the kitchen, which was a lean-to at the rear of the house, was on fire and it is the general opinion that it could have been saved easily with only slight damage had the hydrants been open. The firemen first laid hose from and tried to open the hydrant at the corner of Main and Pike streets but that was frozen up. The hose was then carried through the deep snow to Water street where they tried to open the hydrant in front of the Camp glass factory, but that, too, refused to open on account of being stopped by frost and mud. An attempt was then made to open the hydrant at Main and Nelson streets, but that also was tightly sealed by the elements. As a last resort the hose was connected to a hydrant in the Camp glass factory and a feeble stream started, but by that time the building was nearly consumed and the Hall house was about to take fire. However, this stream was put on the Hall building and by some heroic work on the part of the firemen, who stood between these buildings in almost unbearable heat, that building was saved. After half an hour's work the hydrant at the corner of Main and Nelson streets was finally opened which also aided in saving the Hall house.

Most of the household goods were taken out of the burned building and many articles were removed from the Hall house, which were returned as soon as the firemen succeeded in getting water. The goods belonging to the Titus families were removed to a house belonging to Geo. Barbour on the South Side. The loss on the house is complete and is easily $2,500 and the damage to household goods will probably amount to $500. We understand there is no insurance on either.

The origin of the fire is unknown but is supposed to have been started by a plumber who had been fixing the pipes in the kitchen. Fire was first discovered by Mrs. Titus near where this work had been done, and as there was no other known way that it could have been started that is assigned as the cause.

At the present time Smethport is practically helpless for water to fight fire. The chances are there is not a hydrant in town that could be quickly opened to-day in case of fire unless it be those two which were opened Tuesday after a half hour's delay. When those hydrants were opened a thick paste of mud and slush ice poured out for some time before any serviceable pressure could be obtained.

Something is radically wrong in our water service so far as fire protection is concerned and it is the duty of our council to correct it, whether the fault is with that body or the Smethport Water Company. For years this borough has been paying the water company a liberal price for water for fire protection and our citizens have paid for the protection they were paying for during the severe winter months, the hydrants being clogged and frozen when water was needed.

Some of our councilmen informed the writer that the water company would not allow the hydrants to be regularly opened and flushed, thus keeping them ready for instant use in case of fire, this company claiming that by so doing the water was made dirty and full of sediment and unfit for family use. Be that as it may, we are paying for fire protection and it is up to the council and water company to devise some means which our citizens will have the protection to their property they are paying for the whole year around.

STRAY SPARKS.

Pretty cold weather for fire fighters.

Did you notice how much water we had after carrying the hose a half mile to get a plug that wasn't frozen?

Our new foreman was on hand o. k. with his best clothes on.

The new firemen were much in evidence and all did good work.

Did you notice the run that was made? Jones' team is all right going, but it takes Fry's to bring the boys back when they are cold.

To Repeal Certain Blue Laws.

A bill has been presented in the legislature which will, if passed, legalize certain business on Sunday and cause the repeal of a number of the old, antiquated blue laws. The sponsor for this bill is Senator James McNichol of Philadelphia and it has created a great deal of interest in religious and labor circles, being opposed pretty generally by religious orders and supported by the laborers.

The bill makes it "lawful to sell drugs, medicines, soda and mineral waters and other harmless non-intoxicating drinks, bread, oysters, cakes, pastry, ice cream, candy, milk, fruit, cigars and tobacco; to prepare, print and sell newspapers on Sunday."

It is almost absolutely necessary to dispense many of these articles on Sunday in a majority of the cities and towns in this state and custom has practically made it a law, but every little while some over strenuous law and order society takes to prosecuting under those old blue laws, thus creating much trouble for otherwise law abiding citizens and much inconvenience to the general public. This bill should be passed for the good of the general public.

P. H. C. Banquet.

The members of the Protected Home Circle indulged in an enjoyable "spread" at the lodge room in the Odd Fellows' block, Tuesday evening. The occasion was the serving of a banquet to the winners of a contest recently held by two "sides" picked from members of the lodge.

After the regular work of the meeting was disposed of, the Circle participated in an evening of enjoyment. Aside from the substantial and delicious refreshments there were numerous other pleasant features. Dancing and cards were the principal amusements and everyone had "the time of their life." The Lyceum orchestra furnished excellent music for the event, which was one of the most successful affairs ever given by this popular lodge.

As an appropriate reminder of the evening each member was presented with a comic valentine, and then required to publicly read the attached verse. This amusing feature added greatly to the jollity of the occasion.

Hose Company Elects Officers.

At a meeting of the Smethport Hose company held in the parlors of the hose house last Friday night the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, S. E. Bell; vice president, R. E. Burdick; secretary, H. E. Tull; treasurer, M. L. Armstrong; foreman, D. M. Brasted; first assistant foreman, A. H. Pierce, Jr.; second assistant foreman, Sam Ramey; trustees, N. D. Ranger, F. F. Riggall, Peter Confer; delegate to Northwestern Pennsylvania Fireman's Association, H. L. Backus; alternate, D. M. Brasted; delegate to State Firemen's Association, S. E. Bell; alternate, G. H. McCoy. Other important business was attended to, including the appointment of a committee to obtain a charter for the Smethport Firemen's Relief Association, the object of which is to secure an appropriation from the State for a fund to aid crippled, sick and helpless firemen and widows and parents of dead firemen. After the business session was ended a lunch was served.

Killed at Wrights.

Gus Swanson, a section hand was killed on the Pennsylvania railroad tracks at Wrights, about 7:30 Wednesday evening. He had been working on the tracks near there clearing off snow and had started for home. There was a stiff wind blowing and as he was facing it, it is thought that the wind must have prevented him from hearing the engine come up behind him. He was struck and killed and his companion, another section hand who was walking on the track ahead of him, was also struck and injured slightly. Mr. Swanson's home is at Wrights and the funeral was held at the home this afternoon, Rev. Vetell of the Swedish Lutheran church of this city officiating.—Port Allegany Reporter.

Notice to the Patrons of the Hamlin Bank & Trust Co.

This Bank will be closed the following days, designated by law as holidays: Tuesday, Feb. 21st, election day.

Wednesday, Feb. 22nd, Washington's birthday.

RALPH E. BURDICK, Treas.

There is only one medicinal whiskey sold in Smethport. Ask for O. F. C. at Hotel Imperial.

Death of H. B. Vincent.

H. B. Vincent died at his home in Jamestown, N. Y., on Tuesday morning, aged 69 years, 1 month and 11 days. The exact cause of his death we have not been able to learn but from the information we have it was due to a fall.

Two weeks ago he slipped and fell as he was coming out of his residence, breaking three ribs. This accident confined him to the house and he was just getting about the house, when on Tuesday morning, as he was coming down stairs, he lost his balance and fell to the bottom, striking his head in such a manner as to cause almost instant death.

The subject of this sketch was born in Owego, N. Y., January 3, 1838. About 1868 he was united in marriage to Miss Julia Ogden at Appalachian, N. Y., and the fruits of this union were six children, four of whom survive with their aged mother to mourn the loss of a kind and indulgent husband and father. The surviving children are Mrs. J. A. Verdon, of Jamestown, Mrs. Daniel Bacon of this place, Willard Vincent of Buffalo and Earl of Jamestown.

When the War of the Rebellion broke out he volunteered and joined a New York State company with which he did honorable service for his country. After the war was over he went South where he resided for a number of years. In about the year 1875 he came to this country and settled at Coleville, his farm proving valuable oil property he sold it and moved to Jamestown. In 1886 he purchased the Chautauqua House in this borough and conducted the same for four years, when he disposed of the hotel and returned to Jamestown where he has since resided. Early in life he became a member of the Masonic fraternity and has always been an honored member. He was also a member of the Fraternal Order of Elks of Jamestown.

The funeral will be held from the family residence this afternoon and will be conducted under the auspices of the Elks. His remains will be laid at rest in the family plot in Lake View cemetery, Jamestown.

Will Use the Pin Setter.

The many friends of J. Clayton Backus, inventor of the famous pin setter for bowling alleys, will be pleased to learn that the machine will surely be used at the National Bowling Association's tournament at Milwaukee, Minn., which commences Saturday. The sporting columns of papers throughout the country have devoted considerable space to this clever device and its use at the national meeting.

A large Chicago concern dealing in bowling alleys and equipment for same, have made a determined fight against the introduction of the pin setters on the tournament alleys. This concern wishes to have control of the machines and realizes the fact that to have the device exhibited before the representative bowlers of the United States will advertise it to such an extent that the selling right will become much more valuable. The company has tried to belittle the machine ever since the patent was granted, while at the same time they were trying to negotiate for its purchase.

Finally the concern become so aggressive in its efforts to prevent the machines being placed on the tournament alleys that Mr. Backus and his partners secured an order of court which restrains the Chicago company from interfering with the machines during the session of the tournament. Bowlers from all over the country who have seen the pin setter work are very much in favor of its use.

This Week's Storm.

The high winds and the severe cold weather so far this week have done a great deal of damage throughout the United States. In the West a number of lives have been lost and large numbers of live stock perished.

In this section the thermometer has ranged from 25 degrees below to 10 above zero and all kinds of traffic almost entirely suspended. Every train in and out of Smethport has been from one to 24 hours late and the B., B. & K. Ry. has suspended operations entirely. The highways are also so badly drifted that it is almost impossible to get from one town to another. Business at both window glass factories has been curtailed to a certain extent on account of the weather.

Magazine Blew Up.

The magazine of the Pennsylvania Torpedo Company, near Howards, "let go" shortly after 8 o'clock Monday morning, 500 quarts of glycerine and 300 pounds of dynamite giving tone to the explosion. The detonations were plainly heard in Bradford, houses in the southerly part of the city being shaken and at Custer City and nearby places windows were broken and residences were quite severely jarred. The Pennsylvania company's factory was badly damaged and several smaller buildings were wrecked beyond repair. Fortunately there was no person in the vicinity of the magazine at the time and no one was injured. It is surmised that a stove used to heat the magazine was the cause of the explosion.—Bradford Era.

ANCIENT HISTORY.

Happening in McKean County in Days of Old. Taken from the Files.

We clip the following account of the sad and tragic event from the Coudersport Enterprise, Oct. 21, 1877:

Our town was thrown into a state of the most intense excitement about one o'clock to-day, Wednesday, by the announcement that Hon. Sobieski Ross had committed suicide by shooting, in his barn. Investigation proved the report too true, and ere many minutes had elapsed a large number of our townspeople had gathered at the scene of the sad affair, where Mr. Ross was lying on the floor of the barn, in the portion used for the storage of carriages, dead.

Mr. Rose ate his dinner about noon, as usual, and was apparently as well as he had been for some time past. He had promised to go to the woods with Mrs. Ross for some ferns, and said he would take his gun with him, and perhaps he would kill a partridge. After finishing his dinner he walked out towards the barn, and when Mrs. Ross was ready to go she went to the barn to look for him and found him lying on the floor, dead, as above described.

Mr. Ross was born in Coudersport, on the 16th day of May, 1828, and has always made this his home. For many years he was engaged in the occupation of land surveyor, and finally, with Dr. Fox of Philadelphia, bought a large amount of land in this county, much of which has been sold to our farmers. He has always been noted for his leniency toward those who were owing him for their land, and executions were rarely or never issued, except when there was no possible chance of payment ever being made and it became necessary in order to save himself.

In politics he was a Republican and was elected to the Forty-third and re-elected to the Forty-fourth Congress—in both cases running far ahead of his ticket in this borough and county. Mr. Ross has been President of the J. S. P. & L. S. R. R. for several years, and what work has been done on it is owing to his individual effort. That it is not completed is no fault of his, for he did all that man could do to make it a success.

For the last year Mr. Ross has been in very poor health; his nervous system seemed completely shattered, and there can be no doubt that he has been partially insane for a long time. His sufferings were more than he could bear and dethroned reason led to the fatal act.

In his death our village has lost an honored citizen and every citizen has lost a valued friend. He did much to build up the borough and vicinity, and his loss will be severely felt.

Since the above was written we learn that the physicians have found on examination that Mr. Ross fired two shots. The first ball entered the back of the head, passing through and following the skull upwards, but not penetrating the brain, on the left side; the second entering the left breast, as first stated above, and doubtless penetrating the heart, causing his death.

He leaves a wife, four children, his aged mother and two sisters, Mrs. A. F. Jones and Mrs. A. G. Olmsted, to mourn his untimely fate.

The Daily Era made its appearance on Monday, Oct. 26, 1877. It bears a strong resemblance to the discarded semi-weekly, with the exception that it is smaller by a column on each page. As we remarked in previous comments upon this project of our neighbors, the starting of a new daily paper is an expensive and critical undertaking, as we had occasion to learn by experience several years ago. Its success depends in a great degree upon the measure of substantial support that is accorded to it by the business men and advertisers of Bradford. It rests with them whether the laudable efforts of the publishers will meet with success or failure. The publishers cannot, and probably do not expect to make a fortune out of the enterprise. The only persons who will be materially benefited will be those connected with the business interests of the place, and if they realize this fact and act upon it the Daily Era can no doubt be made a permanent and useful institution. We are pleased to see that it starts out with a gratifying amount of local advertising, and hope that its future will be as prosperous as the signs. We fling in our best wishes to our neighbor's fund of support and "backing."

Stickles—In Keating township, Oct. 18, 1877, of typhoid fever, after an illness of 9 weeks, Hannah, wife of Hiram S. Stickles, aged 46 years and 7 months. She leaves a husband, three children and a large circle of friends to mourn her loss. She was the daughter of Reuben Card, Esq., of Potter county. She had observed the seventh day for the Sabbath for over 22 years, and had a bright hope to arise in the first resurrection from the dead.

A complete stock of Enamel Ware and kitchen Furniture at
Holmes & Gilfillan's.

Subscribe for the Miner.

The Czar Less Than a Clerk.

The Hon. Andrew D. White, ex-U. S. ambassador to Russia, writes for Collier's of February 11 on the Russian situation. He describes the czar by saying that at the time of his accession he was a young man, kindly, courteous, speaking English like an Englishman and French like a Frenchman, but with no other qualifications to rule his empire. To begin with, he differs physically from any of his predecessors since Peter the Great, save possibly the wretched Emperor Paul. He is slight, in build, short in stature, undignified in manner. Probably no man ever came to a throne with a greater dislike for all that reigning implies. Those who have had the best opportunities to observe him agree that he has no ambition, no real knowledge of his empire, no acquaintance with men, no ideas of any value regarding the world at large; that he dislikes all his official business and is indifferent to all human beings save his family and a few friends of no moral or intellectual force.

Being thus constituted, he at once fell under the sway of the old reactionary influences and especially of Pobedonoszeff, of his mother, the Dowager Empress, and of sundry grand dukes immediately about him. All the evils in progress during the reign of his father now came to a head. The "Russification" of the Baltic provinces, the oppression of the Jews, the massacres of the Chinese upon the Amur and elsewhere, the trampling down of Finland, the plunder of the Armenian church and the giving up of the Armenians to murder and pillage under Turkish misrule—all went on more gayly than ever.

As to Finland, the four emperors who had preceded him since that grand duchy was brought into the empire had been restrained by the oaths taken on their accession, but this young man, under the influence of counselors fanatical and brutal, violated the imperial pledge and his own oath, and thus turned the most loyal and civilized part of his empire into a hotbed of hatred and treason. Very significant is it to observe that in Finland, which up to his reign had never shown the slightest tendency to anarchism, nihilism or socialism, the red flag has in these latter days been freely displayed.

The present reign has completed the reduction of autocracy to absurdity. For the theory on which autocracy is based is that the monarch, established by divine grace and endowed with divine wisdom, is to do all the thinking for the most enormous empire in the world—for one hundred and forty millions of people of unnumbered races, tongues, religious, institutions and customs. This is the theory which has now collapsed in the face of the whole world. For the last ten years this work, which would have tasked the genius of Caesar or Napoleon, has been carried on by a young man of less ability and force than would be required of a clerk in a haberdashery.

The Agent Didn't Know.

There are to-day some thousands of varieties of life insurance policies, each of which has a technical name and is capable of being made quite unintelligible to the average man. Some unscrupulous agents trade on this; many do not really understand the meaning of terms themselves, but have learned their lesson, parrot like; and most of them apparently find it unnecessary to describe in plain English to those about to insure what they are contracting for. The result is a mass of misinformation and confusion about the whole subject.

For instance, an agent was trying to insure an editor on some new plan. The editor had a theory that any fact could be put into plain every-day English, if the man behind the fact really knew what he was talking about. After listening to an involved flow of premiums, deferred dividends, cash surrender values and optional choices, he said gravely:

"See here; I don't understand what you're talking about. But I'll tell you what I'll do. If you'll write that proposition out in ordinary English, so that an ordinary man can understand it, I'll not only take the policy, but I'll publish the explanation in an article and pay you a hundred dollars for it."

"Will I? Sure, I will!" exclaimed the overjoyed agent, thinking he had indeed struck an easy job. And he departed, adjuring the editor not to forget.

A week passed by. The agent called up on the telephone to say that he was working on the thing. There was less exultation in his voice.

Two more weeks elapsed. The editor had forgotten the whole thing when the agent's card came in one day. It was followed by the man himself.

"Well," said the editor, "got my article?"

"N-no," said the agent sheepishly. "The fact is, I guess I can't do it the way you want it, after all. Let's call it off."

It is hardly too much to say that this is typical.—World's Work.

I have the agency for this vicinity for Elisha K. Kane's lumber and brick.
C. H. GLEASON.

The Katzenjammer Kids.

The story of Blondell & Fennessy's farce-comedy, "The Katzenjammer Kids" might more properly be called a chapter of incidents and accidents. It is different from the ordinary run of plays and wholly different from them in every particular. The production is divided into three parts and instead of introducing the audience in the first act to the stereotyped "Homestead on the hillside," with the good, kind, dear old mother and the precocious Christian father, who chases his boy, or girl, as the case may be out into the big city to to be buncoed, beaten and abused, the opening scene of "The Katzenjammer Kids" introduces the audience to the funniest conglomeration of characters ever seen upon the stage. There is no long drawn out dialogue which prepares the spectators for a series of heart breaking episodes which ends with the good, but wayward, young man's marriage with the village belle. Just the opposite is seen. There is the funny old woman and the comical old man, the slick dude, of a lover, and giddy girl who delights in showing her well turned ankle, the fascinating frolicsome soubrette who is up to all kinds of mischief, and the humorous sad eyed parson who meets with all sorts of mishaps in conjunction with a score of other amusing characters whose principal excuse for living is to assist in the fun making which is formulated and executed by the big and little "kids" who furnish the axis around which the others revolve. This act is called "The Katzenjammer" and serves to make the audience acquainted with the characters. In the second act, which is entitled "The Katzenjammer" the uproarious fun begins in earnest, the clever specialty artists also appear and do their acts. "The Kids" amuse with their mischievous antics and the entire company gets in their work in the merry making until the fall of the curtain which event invariably occurs amidst the screams of laughter and uproarious applause from those in the front. The third and last act is denominated "The Katzenjammers" and brings out the company all dressed up for the finish. When the different characters appear in their Sunday clothes, the transformation is so great that the audience instinctively applaud. This act introduces the "King of Liars" and the different subterfuges which he resorts to in order to make himself solid with his lady love and cover up certain indiscretions, proves a most amusing climax to the funniest entertainment that it is possible to conceive. "The Katzenjammer Kids" with all its scenic embellishments and complete company will be the attraction at the Lyceum on Monday next. A word to the wise is sufficient. The company includes such well known artists as Baker & Lynn, the premier delineators of Juvenile Comedy, Wally Clark, the popular German Comedian, Robinson Sisters, Acrobatic Marvels, Major Criqui, the tiniest comedian before the public, Day & Vestal, Novelty Act, William Baker, Monologue Comedian, Josie Ralson, Chic Soubrette, Geo. V. Baker, Character Comedian, and many others equally well known to fame.

Aged Man Killed.

John Leone of Kinzua was instantly killed yesterday afternoon while cutting logs in the woods near Davis. He was chopping down a tree and as it fell it struck a large limb on an adjoining tree. The limb fell directly on the head of Leone, killing him instantly. His head was crushed, his back was broken, several ribs were broken and one arm fractured. Leone was working for a man named Freeman, and both of his sons were working with him. The two boys were but a short distance away when the accident happened, one of them narrowly missing death from the same limb. The accident happened at about 4:30. Leone was 84 years of age, and has been a resident of this part of the country for years. He is well known in the neighborhood in which he resided, and was an earnest and worthy citizen. He is survived by a widow, three daughters and two sons.—Tuesday's Bradford Star.

For Sale.

A first-class and up-to-date second-hand maple sugar making outfit in first-class condition. Practically as good as new at less than one-third cost. Evaporator 4x14, fire brick, all furniture to same, 6 tanks, over 500 pails, about 700 spouts, 450 patent pail covers—everything complete. It is one of the best outfits in the state. Cost $850, will take $100 cash, farm produce, or good paper.

Wanted—From one to two thousand dollars on first mortgage. Real estate, 6% interest. All now or part now and part later or all later. Inquire or call at 488 Park ave., Kane, Pa.

House for Sale.

A 16 room boarding house with bath, modern conveniences and all furnishings. Will be sold cheap for cash. Inquire of Mrs. Mary O'Day, Hazelhurst, Pa.

The Jewel Cake Griddle, the only only thing for baking pancakes. At
Holmes & Gilfillan's.

I have 20 head of cattle for sale.
WM. IRONS.

Subscribe for the Miner.

The Essence Of Good Cheer

By HOWARD FIELDING

Copyright, 1904, by Charles W. Hooke

IT may be said of Charlotte Ware and Albert Tyrrell that they lost each other in the darkness of despondency. Seeing them together in the old days, one might have supposed that they were bound by an agreement to commit suicide instead of an engagement to marry. Charlotte was conducting the woman's page of a little, hopeless newspaper, and Tyrrell was practicing medicine, with mighty few patients to practice it on. They used to lunch together in a gloomy restaurant opposite the hospital, with which Tyrrell had an unremunerative connection, and Charlotte would describe the impending bankruptcy of the newspaper, after which Tyrrell would tell about a patient who refused to recover or die or pay his bill.

So they went from bad to worse, and each was a millstone upon the other's neck, yet it is worth mentioning that neither was originally of a despondent disposition. They released each other from the engagement about once a week, but that never made the slightest difference.

Finally a man died in London and left Tyrrell a little money. There were legal complications, and it seemed advisable for him to go across the water to defend his rights. Of course he asked Charlotte to marry him, and she came very near accepting, but upon a practical consideration of the subject they discovered that they had not money enough between them to make the journey in good style and be safe against the chance of stranding in London in case the payment of the legacy should be deferred, as seemed quite likely. So Tyrrell crossed the ocean alone.

The legacy was involved in labyrinthine complications, but his lawyers were confident of ultimate success. They proved this confidence by advancing from time to time small sums which sufficed for a bare living, and Tyrrell stuck to the quest. By and by he began to practice medicine, and, though he gained some small repute, he made no pecuniary success. When his earnings were full he invested the money in his own lawsuit; when they were meager he managed to live upon them.

Meanwhile, of course, he had released Charlotte from her engagement in the bluest letter that ever crossed the ocean. No old salt would have dared to sail with it if he had known that it was in the mail, for it was heavy with hard luck.

Releasing a girl from an engagement verbally across a bit of luncheon in a restaurant is a very different matter from releasing her by letter across the Atlantic. This may be especially true when the young man in question is very good looking and has expressive eyes, in which his love and tenderness may be easily read. That was the case with Tyrrell. When she could see him Charlotte pitied him too much to care what he said. But Tyrrell, with a pen was another man. She had to sit down

THEY WOULD DISCUSS THE FOLLY OF THEIR OWN CONDUCT.

all alone with his letter and fight every word in it. She became angry with him, hopeless about him, finally a little contemptuous of his weakness. And so at last the correspondence ceased and the pretty promise they had made in one bright hour amid the long gloom was broken.

Tyrrell remained in England five years, and when he returned to America he did not know whether Charlotte was dead or alive, whether she had married or jilted the fellow who had been a rival at the outset of their acquaintance, whether she had preserved her prettiness or had faded early. She was nearing the calamitous age of thirty, that direful point upon the way of life where youth crashes down like a landslide and one looks back across a wilderness from which the dream flowers that never bloomed and the beautiful trees that bore no fruit have all been swept away.

To the questions above suggested Tyrrell knew not the answers. It would not be fair to say that he did not care, yet the truth is that his mind was upon another matter. He had just reached a settlement of his affairs in England, and his legacy had yielded him little more than enough to carry him home. True, it had provided him with a part of his living during five years, but who wants a living? What is it good for? Nine days in ten out of those five years Tyrrell would rather not have had a living; he would have preferred a dying.

He had come home by the malice of destiny, as he viewed it, to face precisely the same situation in this country. Again he was named in a will; again he must meet other claimants in the courts. The parties in each contest would be similarly situated. Indeed, some of the same people would appear.

Tyrrell had emerged from his previous struggle with certain convictions and nuggets of wisdom.—He knew that his own claim in both cases was perfectly just, he knew that the disputants could be bought out cheaply if cash could be used immediately, but that after they got acrimonious from strife, and especially after their lawyers had gained ascendency over them, a settlement would cost more than it was worth.

He had only one near relative remaining on earth, a sister whose pecuniary interests were involved with his own in this new contest, as they had been in the other, but as she was married to a man of some means he had not worried much on her account. Upon arriving in his native land he learned immediately of the death of his sister's husband. This did not surprise him, for the last news that he had received in England had prepared him for the event. It appeared, however, that the husband's estate had vanished at his death, as so many others do, having been a pyramid kept balanced upon its apex by a constant, harrowing struggle and sinking instantly into oblivion when the sustaining force was withdrawn. In short, he found his sister dependent—or about to become so—upon the dubious issue of the legal battle which he himself had come home to fight.

His experience of the former contest filled him with cold fear, which was ten times intensified by the knowledge that a few thousands in cash would have set all right, and that he couldn't raise that sum, nor even 10 per cent of it, completed his panic.

Behold him on a balmy day in June shivering with nervousness as the result of an interview with his lawyer, whom he had visited in the gentleman's luxurious residence in a very fashionable suburb. Insensible to the colors of the blossoms and even to the heat of the sun upon his back, blind to the beauties of the town and deaf to the sound of his own name which some one was calling after him, he plodded on toward the station.

"Bert Tyrrell!" cried the voice for the fourth time and almost in his ear.

He turned and stared at two fine horses glittering in silver mounted harness and then at a liveried coachman and, finally at a very charming woman in an open carriage.

"Lottie!" he said in a dazed tone. "Lottie!"

She surveyed him, with an amused and quizzical smile.

"You haven't changed a bit," said she.

The words affected him with surprise, first, because he fancied himself grown old and haggard, and, second, because Charlotte herself was so radically different that the sight of her seemed to change all the world. Yet he could not have expressed his feeling; she looked no older; she had not gained flesh, as pretty girls are distressingly apt to do.

"Get in," she said, "We must have a good talk."

He smiled grimly.

"I was going to the station," he said; "but if you know of an old man's home or a nice, well managed asylum"—

"Now, that's the same Bert Tyrrell whom I used to know," said she, with a laugh. "I shall correct that habit in about five minutes. Get in."

As he climbed to a seat beside her imperiously like a man of sixty, she gave the coachman the word "home." Then for the first time the elegance of the equipage and the simple magnificence of Charlotte's attire impressed themselves upon him. The blood fled away from his heart and tingled in his ears.

"Really," he stammered, "I—I have had no news. I don't know what to call you."

"Call me Lottie," she replied, "and please utter the word cheerfully. You're not altogether sorry to have met me, you know."

He made a melancholy effort to smile.

"Fairly good," said she, "but you can do better. Try again."

"You ask too much of me," he protested.

"Not at all!" she cried. "I fought that problem all out with myself nearly five years ago. One may always be cheerful."

He swept a slow, melancholy glance over the elegant interior of the carriage, which at that moment swerved from the road and passed through a stately arched gateway. A house was visible through the vistas of old trees.

"In such surroundings," said he sadly, "even I might smile."

"Your surroundings do not matter in the least," she retorted. "The smile must come from within."

"I remember that you used to write that sort of nonsense for your woman's page," said he, "but you never believed it."

"I believe it thoroughly today," she replied.

"Yes, yes," said he as the carriage stopped before the main entrance. "Yes, I've no doubt."

The broad veranda was liberally provided with comfortable chairs, into one of which Tyrrell sank with a sigh.

"Please pretend that you are comfortable and happy," said Charlotte, "and in a few minutes you will be."

Tyrrell scowled. He was trying to imagine the personal appearance of the multimillionaire whom Charlotte had married.

"You must remember," said he, "that I know nothing"—

"That's it," she interrupted. "You know nothing. Neither did I in the old days, but now I do, and I will teach you."

"Nothing of your story," he added.

"You shall hear it," said she. "Somewhat more than four years ago I became very despondent over—something that happened."

He groaned.

"It was better so," he said. "What could I have offered you"—

"With a sort of satirical joy," she continued, "I began to write more and more of that matter which you have just called nonsense."

"Cheerful living and that sort of thing?"

"Yes," said she, "sugar coated lying, as you used to call it. And presently, my friend, I discovered that it wasn't

TYRRELL STRADDLED HIMSELF AGAINST A PILLAR.

lying at all. It was the solid truth. And it made a great hit, Bert," she added. "It made a tremendous hit in the paper. You will believe that when I tell you that they raised my salary twice without my asking."

"Did you find out that the world was bright before or after those amazing occurrences?" he inquired.

"Well, really I've forgotten just when the true conviction came to me," she answered frankly, "but it must have been before I made any great success. One cannot write helpful words without sincerity."

"And you attained it?"

"Bert," she cried, "when I found out how much good I was doing, how many women—and men, too—I was helping to a braver, brighter, better life I knew that the truth must be in my own heart. Why, there were days when I received over 500 letters even before I left the paper."

"Before your—your marriage?"

"My marriage!" she exclaimed. "Why, bless the boy, I'm not married!"

Tyrrell surveyed the palatial front of the house with the eyes of a dreamer.

"Did somebody die?" he asked in a weak voice—"somebody who knew how to make a will, I mean?"

"But I made all this money myself. I started a magazine. Haven't you seen it? I sent you a copy. And I have a tremendous circulation in England."

He shook his head. She faced him with an enthusiasm that brought her to her feet.

"You've no idea of the good that I am doing," she cried. "Women from India, from Australia, actually from Greenland, have taken my letters of advice in connection with the magazine, and have sent me words of thanks that have brought tears of joy to my eyes. I have a circulation exceeding 800,000."

He brushed the hair back from his forehead as he stared at her.

"But enough of my affairs for the present," she continued. "Of course I had to tell you how I was getting along. You knew nothing of me, but I knew all about you. I even knew that you were sunk in your old time despondency, and I resolved in the very deepest depths of my soul that I would cure you of it. I am going to give you some of my books to read."

"And I'll read 'em, Lottie," he replied, "for your sake, though nothing in this world can ever make me cheerful. But I'll read the books when I'm not tangled with these beastly lawyers."

"You'll have no more trouble with them," said she. "I won't have my pupil's mind distracted by all that dreadful business."

"It can't be helped"—

"It has been helped. I have bought up all the other claimants through your legal friend, my neighbor. But he was not to tell you of it."

Tyrrell steadied himself against a pillar of the veranda.

"Lottie," he cried, "you shouldn't have done this! Why—why did you do it?"

"That you might pay attention to my instruction," said she. "I have helped those who were strangers to me, scattered over the world, and it will go hard if I cannot help my friend."

"Illogical woman!" he groaned. "Don't you see that you have blocked your own game? Your experiment must fail now."

"Fail?"

"Certainly. Your 'cheerful living,' or whatever you call it, can't do anything for me."

"Why not?" she gasped.

"Because I don't need it. If you could do this for me, even though I refuse it; if you could plan and work to make me happy—in short, if I am to you"—

"Just what you were in the old days, Bert."

"Then," he cried, his face radiant with his reawakened love, "where does your confounded faith cure get a chance upon a man so blessed?"

Thunderer and Poet.

An early copy of Swinburne's "Poems and Ballads" volume (1868) came into the hands of Dallas, then chief literary reviewer to the London Times, who, after ruminating on what we will call the pygmy poems, strode off to Moxon's with an ultimatum. Either, said he, let them withdraw the book or he would denounce it and destroy it. As they had no wish to be denounced or destroyed themselves, they preferred to accept the former alternative. John Camden Hotten brought out the book.—Fortnightly Review.

Profitable Inventions.

No one class of inventions has been so profitable to both the manufacturer and the inventor as musical instruments and appliances for same. Numerous improvements to the piano have been a source of large fortunes, and various devices are at present being continuously applied. Radically new instruments possessing real merit are the inventions needed in this line. The public is always ready to adopt almost anything new in both wind and stringed instruments.—Inventor.

A FROLIC IN MEXICO

BREAKING THE PINATA DURING THE CHRISTMAS FESTIVAL.

This Mirth Provoking Pastime Is the Great Social and Fun Making Feature of the Season—Dressing and Filling the Olla.

Christmas in Mexico is not the typical Christmas of cold and snow and ice, but one of bright, warm sunshine, cloudless blue skies, flowers in profusion, trees in full foliage and a life of out of doors.

At least a week before Christmas in the principal streets of Mexico arches are erected from sidewalk to sidewalk, festooned with wreaths of flowers and bunting in the national colors—red, white and green. Under the arches booths are erected, and every toy manufactured in Mexico is on sale.

In every Mexican house great preparations are made for what is called the "pinata." Every child begs and scrapes and saves the centavos for weeks and months ahead. All kinds of articles are made especially for this ceremony, and every family vies with its friends and neighbors to have its pinata more beautiful and fanciful than any one else's.

The pinata is really an earthenware utensil which is in general use for cooking. It is called in common parlance an olla and is of brown pottery, something like the old fashioned earthenware crocks used in the north before enamel ware became the fad.

The pinatas are large or small, as the purse of the purchaser permits. They are round, pot bellied and very large at the top. They are sold from door to door on the streets and in the markets. They cost only 10, 15 or 20 centavos, but the olla is the least expensive part of the game.

The body of the olla for a woman is covered with tissue paper; then a crinkled paper dress is fashioned; then a bodice is built up draped to represent a loose white waist, and above this is placed a false face. The hair is made with black paper, braided into one long plait at the back, as the women wear their hair in Mexico. Sometimes a white tehuana headdress is made of the lace paper used by bakers and confectioners.

A flower pinata is decorated with large paper flowers in every color of the rainbow. Red, white and green ribbons, forming long streamers, and silver and gold tinsel, glass balls and colored lights all help to make the flower pinata very beautiful. The possibilities for dressing these pinatas are endless. In a large family, the mother and daughters have their own pinatas, and great secrecy is maintained in the decoration of the olla. It is the aim of each to devise as original a dressing for the pinata as possible, and it can be made a very extravagant ornament. In the families of wealthy Mexicans the luxury of the pinata often mounts into thousands.

After the olla is decorated to the taste it is filled. The filling consists of peanuts, hazel nuts, hard candies, like marbles, and all kinds of Mexican dulces. These dulces are candied fruits, nut paste, etc.

Christmas night the pinatas are carried in great state into the sala and suspended from the ceiling one at a time. All the relatives of the family are present, and as cousins of the fifth and sixth degree are recognized and children are very numerous there is generally a large gathering. They all sit very demurely on chairs ranged in a row around the walls of the room.

One person is constituted master of ceremonies, the eldest son or daughter of the house. He or she stands in the middle of the room. Near by is a jar or umbrella stand filled with apisaco canes or sticks. When everything is ready a child or grown person is selected and called by name. She comes forward and is blindfolded.

Then the fun begins. The person blindfolded is turned round and round until she loses all knowledge of where the pinata hangs. A cane is put in her hands, and she is told to hit the pinata and try to break it. She is given three chances. If she fails to hit it she sits down amid laughter and ridicule. If she hits it without breaking it she is entitled to a small prize.

And so it goes on, one after another being called up, blindfolded and given a cane and three chances to break the pinata. Finally one more fortunate than the rest succeeds in giving a hard enough blow, and, crash, the pinata falls to the grounds in hundreds of bits, and its contents are scattered far and wide.

A wild scramble ensues. Everybody rushes forward to gather as much of the spilled contents as possible.

The fortunate breaker of the pinata gets a handsome prize and is awarded the seat of honor. He or she sits down and is debarred from another trial at breaking another pinata. As soon as the confusion dies down and order is somewhat restored another olla is hung up and the same routine gone through. So the fun continues until the last pinata is broken, and then the prizes are awarded.

The pinata party is the great social and fun making feature of the Christmas season. After the pinatas have been broken and a supper has been served there follows dancing, or a traveling company of Indians from the mountains is brought in to sing and dance in native costume.

These traveling Indians are somewhat like the singing bands which go around at Christmas time from house to house in England, Germany, France and Italy. They have been known and popular in Mexico from time immemorial. The are much in demand during the Christmas holiday season.—Kansas City Star.

Cynical.

"Which do you think counts for the most in life, money or brains?"

"Well," answered Miss Cayenne, "I see so many people who manage to get on with so little of either that I am beginning to lose my respect for both."—Washington Star.

CRIMINALS ARE FATALISTS.

No Matter How Often Captured, They Stick to One Specialty.

"Criminals seem to be the strongest kind of fatalists," remarked a judge who is widely known as an authority on criminology.

"I have noticed that when a criminal is arrested after finishing one sentence the second charge is generally the same as the one which first got him into trouble. It seems like a strange kind of futility. I've known instances where one criminal has been arrested and punished five or six times on charges exactly the same.

"What makes him do it? I'm not sure I can explain it satisfactorily, but I know it to be the case. It has occurred to me, and possibly this is the simplest explanation, that the reason for a criminal adhering strictly to one line of work is the same as the fascination which holds a gambler to a table although luck is against him.

"Each failure or each loss shows the victim a point which he has hitherto been ignorant of, and it is easy to convince himself that the next time he will escape that mistake.

"And so it goes—ever the next time, just one more chance, and then another, ever confident that the luck must change and that each turn of the wheel leaves him just that much better equipped and that much more likely to win finally. Then there is the desperation, the unconscious and gritty determination to make a success of it.

"If he fails and is arrested, convicted and punished the process of the law simply goes to show him wherein his first job was bungling and poorly carried out. The first feeling of resignation that follows the bitterness of punishment is when he tells himself that next time he will not repeat the error which led to his detection on the present occasion. No sooner is he out of the penitentiary than he essays again to try his luck, this time carefully avoiding the mistake which first brought him to grief.

"It is a well known fact that no criminal, no matter how expert or how daring, can cover up all his tracks. The very best crook will leave at least one loophole will commit at least one error, which eventually fastens the guilt upon him. The poorer criminals leave clews according to their skill or experience. So our imaginary crook, the second time he plans a job, while he carefully avoids a repetition of his first error is almost sure to make some other one, and so on, each succeeding crime and detection pointing out to him the lines of his weakness, so that he is irresistibly led onward to his destruction."—Detroit Tribune.

Lending His Hand.

The occasions on which Professor Farawayy was invited to speak in public were times of great anxiety to his wife. If she succeeded in starting him for the platform properly clothed and with his notes in his hand, part of her cares vanished, but not all of them.

One evening her husband was one of seven distinguished professional men who were to speak before a scientific society consisting of men from all parts of the country.

His speech was clear that night, free from the absentminded murmurs which sometimes interspersed his discourse, and as he seated himself Mrs. Faraway felt that he had fully earned the burst of applause, and then her cheeks crimsoned.

"Did you see anything amusing about the close of my address, my dear?" asked the professor as they started for home. "It seemed as if I heard sounds suggestive of merriment about me."

"I don't wonder," said Mrs. Faraway, who up to that time had maintained the silence of despair, "for of all the people who applauded your address you, with your hand in the air and your chair tilted sidewise, clapped the loudest and longest!"

Literary Relics.

A well known Englishman constantly wears in a small locket attached to a chain around his neck a portion of the charred skull of Shelley. Of late years a great many persons have visited the former residence of the late Victor Hugo to see a tooth of that celebrity which is kept in a small glass case, with this inscription: "Tooth drawn from the jaw of Victor Hugo by the dentist on Wednesday, Aug. 11, 1871, at Vianden, in the garden attached to the house of Mme. Koch, at 3 o'clock in the afternoon."

In the year 1816 a tooth of the famous Sir Isaac Newton was sold at auction by a relic monger of London and was purchased by an English nobleman for a sum equal to $3,650. The buyer had a costly diamond removed from a favorite ring and the tooth set in its place. The wig that Sterne wore while writing "Tristram Shandy" was sold at public auction soon after the great writer's death for the sum of $10,000, and the favorite chair of Alexander Pope brought $5,000 at a sale in 1822.

The Foolishness of Sheep.

One sultry summer's day in Australia a man rode out to visit the "back blocks" on his station in N. S. W. Noticing a cloud of dust on the horizon rising straight up as the smoke of a good man's fire, he rode over to ascertain the cause. When he arrived he found a flock of his sheep racing round and round a water hole. They were in a fearful state of exhaustion, their tongues lolling out and they nearly dropping with fatigue. Apparently the leader of the flock had approached the hole at a spot where it was too boggy to get to the water and commenced to walk round. Before he found a safe place he had joined the tail of the flock. They all being anxious to get a drink, gradually quickened their pace until they were racing round as hard as they could go. Had he not arrived, in time they would have died of thirst.

CONSTIPATION CURED.

Constipation leads to worse. Often it is the cause of appendicitis. Always it leads to dangerous chronic disease. It should not be neglected, nor should it be temporarily relieved with drastic purgatives.

Mr. C. S. Osterhoudt, of Barrytown, N. Y., was distressed with indigestion, chronic constipation and kidney trouble for four years. He tried many medicines without relief. He heard of Cal-cura Solvent, Dr. Kennedy's new medicine, used it and began to improve rapidly. All of his old complaints have disappeared and he owes everything to Cal-cura Solvent. $1.00, all druggists; 6 bottles for $5.00.

Hamlin Bank & Trust Co.

SMETHPORT, PENNA.

CAPITAL - - - $200,000.00
SURPLUS AND UNDIVIDED PROFITS - $50,000.00

AUTHORIZED BY LAW

to act as Executor, Trustee, Administrator, Guardian, Assignee, Receiver and in all fiduciary capacities, both under court and personal appointment.

ACTS AS TRUSTEE

under mortgage, Registrar and Transfer Agent of Stocks and Bonds or Corporations.

Interest Paid on Time Deposits.
Business and Personal Accounts
respectfully solicited.

OFFICERS.

HENRY HAMLIN, President.
ORLO J. HAMLIN, Vice-President.
RALPH E. BURDICK, Secy. & Treas.
GUY McCOY, Asst. Treas.

DIRECTORS.

HENRY HAMLIN,
ORLO J. HAMLIN,
RALPH E. BURDICK,
FRED D GALLUP,
JOHN FORREST

E. W. JONES,

(Successor to F. H. Nourse.)

LIVERY & FEED STABLE
Bennett House Barn

First Class Rigs at Reasonable Prices.

Directly Opposite Court House
SMETHPORT, PA.

ACME MILL,

GREEN BROS., Props.

MY STOCK IS FRESH AND CONSISTS OF

Flour, Feed, Meal, Wheat, Corn Oats, Hay, Straw, Bran, Middlings, Hominy, Linseed Meal, Etc.

Goods Sold for Cash only and Delivered Promptly.

Water & Hill Sts. Smethport.

Rooney's is the Place

to buy a nice, sweet piece of

Fresh Salt or Smoked MEAT

whether it be a full quarter or a small steak. And for

Fruit and Vegetables

I am always headquarters.

J. F. ROONEY, Smethport, Pa.

Spring and Summer Styles

in Millinery are pretty and the best at reasonable prices are to be found at our store.

PATTERN HATS and DOMESTICS

In fact everything to please the ladies is shown. Give us a call.

Carrie Reilly Clark & Co.
REILLY BLOCK, SMETHPORT

UNDERTAKING

AND

EMBALMING

IN ALL BRANCHES PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO BY AN EXPERIENCED FUNERAL DIRECTOR

SPECHT & SASS
SMETHPORT, PA.

PATENTS

PROCURED AND DEFENDED. Send model, drawing or photo. for expert search and free report on patentability. Free advice, how to obtain patents, trade marks, copyrights, etc. IN ALL COUNTRIES. Business direct with Washington saves time, money and often the patent.

Patent and Infringement Practice Exclusively. Write or come to us at

625 Ninth Street, opp. United States Patent Office
WASHINGTON, D. C.

CA-SNOW &

Absolutely Harmless. Cures on the Spot.

BROMO-PEPSIN

"NOTE THE WORD PEPSIN."

CURES Headache, Sleeplessness, Indigestion and Nervousness.

All Druggists, 10c, 25c and 50c.

THE FIRST LESSON

That the young girl has of womanhood is not seldom a painful one. She learns to know what headache means, and backache, and sometimes is sadly borne down by this new experience of life.

All the pain and misery which young girls commonly experience at such a time, may in almost every instance be entirely prevented or cured by the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It establishes regularity, it tones up the general health, and cures headache, backache, nervousness and other consequences of womanly weakness or disease.

"I received your letter some time ago, with advice about your wonderful medicine," writes Miss Stella Johnson, of 26 Brady Street, Dayton, Ohio. "I was troubled with severe pains every month when I wrote to you for advice. After receiving your letter and following its directions, I am now happy to say that after five years of untold suffering I have not had any pains since first using your 'Favorite Prescription.' I was induced through a friend to write to you and follow your kind advice. I thank God and Dr. R. V. Pierce for the health I now enjoy. I shall urge other women who suffer as I did to use your medicine."

"Favorite Prescription" makes weak women strong, sick women well. Accept no substitute for the medicine which works wonders for weak women.

Weak and sick women are invited to consult Dr. Pierce, by letter, *free*. All correspondence is held as strictly private and sacredly confidential. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

FREE. Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser is sent *free* on receipt of stamps to pay expense of mailing *only*. Send 21 one-cent stamps for the book in paper covers, or 31 stamps for the cloth-bound volume. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

Armstrong's Reliable Jewelry Store

Is, as ever, headquarters for everything in the line of

Standard Jewelry.

If you wish to be ON TIME buy your

Watch or Clock

at this reliable establishment. Prices are right.

Stock is Complete,

Goods are the Best, therefore your patronage is solicited.

M. L. ARMSTRONG,

Main Street, - Smethport, Pa

HORSESHOEING.

Having opened a general blacksmith shop in what is known as the Mullin Building, at the corner of Water and Franklin Streets, I am now prepared to attend to the business in my line in a careful and workmanlike manner.

C. J. VANBLAD.

THE BIG STORE.

McKean County Miner

Smethport, Thursday, Feb. 16, 1905.

LOCAL AND GENERAL

—Don't forget to vote next Tuesday.

—Canned goods are advertised by J. Colegrove this week.

—Fred J. Musser has accepted a clerkship in the store of Fry & Comes.

—Redfield's Hardware has something to say about gas ranges in his space this week.

—E. A. Nelson, ex-county commissioner of Potter county, died at his home in Seven Bridges last week.

—Claud Heath of Eldred holds the bowling record in that place, having recently made an average of over 200 in eight consecutive games.

—The Ladies' Auxiliary to the Y. M. C. A. of Bradford entertained with a supper Monday evening and $8,000 was subscribed for the erection of a new building in that city.

—John McKnall returned from the county seat yesterday via rail, the roads being so bad that he was obliged to leave his team in Smethport. The rumor that Wm. Curran, the prisoner who was being taken to the county jail, had escaped, proved false.—Saturday's Kane Republican.

—Medical Talk says ordinary sour buttermilk is a better tonic, is a better food than was ever bottled or boxed up by a chemist or doctor. Many a farmer drives miles away to see a doctor, to get a bottle of pepsin or codliver oil or beef extract, when at the same time he is feeding to his calves good, rich, nutritious buttermilk, a thousand times better for him than the stuff the doctor gives him.

—For clean wholesome fun of the kind which delights the ladies and children, Bloodell & Fennessy's farce comedy, "The Katzenjammer Kids," is far ahead of any production that will be seen here this season. The play is different and away from all others. There are no serious, gloomy or crying scenes to mourn over but everything is bright, hearty and pleasing. The dialogue is witty and the music catchy, the scenery handsome and appropriate and the specialties right up to date in every particular. This model production will be the attraction at the Lyceum next Monday evening. You will make no mistake by going to see "The Katzenjammer Kids."

Young Hunter's Hard Luck.

"Some years ago," said a hunter, "when I lived down on the eastern shore of Maryland, where I was born, I had passed a whole day gunning rabbits and had not killed one. On my way home through the woods I met a boy who had a live rabbit. Ashamed to go home empty handed, I gave the boy 25 cents for his rabbit.

"I then said to myself, 'I will tie Mr. Rabbit to a bush and kill him, and the folks at home will say Ed shot a rabbit.' I took a shoestring and fastened the rabbit to a bush and then stood off, took aim and fired. When the gun had stopped kicking I saw Mr. Rabbit flying through the woods. My bullet had cut the shoestring in twain and had set the little animal free."—Baltimore American.

Sword Stands In Churches.

Sword stands came into use in London churches when it became customary to carry the city sword before the lord mayor as he went to church in state. During service the sword was placed in the stand or case provided for it, and in his own church the lord mayor generally had the stand placed conveniently near to or in his family pew. This custom, which was quite common before the end of the sixteenth century, apparently began in the reign of Elizabeth. The state visits to the city churches were discontinued in the mayoralty of Sir R. N. Fowler, 1883.—London Standard.

The Value of New Ideas.

The recognition of the value of a new idea in regard to a business point is leading employers to encourage criticisms and suggestions from employees in respect to the details of the business, thus utilizing their microscopic view rather than depending solely on the birdseye view which is taken by the manager. A friendly feeling results from this attitude, and the employee takes a deeper interest in his work. Developing his own capacity and helping the business. To see his idea carried out by his superiors puts new life into him and adds new enthusiasm to his efforts.—Success.

The Wedding Ring Finger.

The wedding ring was placed on the left hand as nearest the heart and on the fourth finger because that finger was supposed to have its own "private wire" to the shape of a delicate nerve to the heart. That finger, too, was called the medicine finger, and the belief was that by virtue of the little nerve it could detect a dangerous poison if simply inserted in the liquid. From that belief the idea that wedding rings—the rings worn on that finger—had special curative qualities had its rise. To this day wedding rings are rubbed over an obstinate sty on an eyelid.

One Advantage of England's Fogs.

"Should scientists succeed in finding ways and means for dispelling the fog condition of England's atmosphere, I am afraid that country will lose more than it gains," said a weaver. "One of the reasons why English weavers produce fabrics of finer and softer finish than American weavers from the same quality of cotton and other yarn is because of the damp condition of the atmosphere in that country at all times.

"It is a well known fact that yarn kept continually and uniformly damp will spin finer and softer than that drying out in the process of weaving. Thousands of dollars have been spent by our weavers in appliances to keep their shops uniformly humid, but thus far without success. The fine quality of panama hats, for instance, if the straw were not kept damp while the process of weaving is on, could not be produced. The straw is not worked under water, as many suppose, but is kept uniformly damp by being worked in the early morning hours when a heavy dew is falling."—Milwaukee Sentinel.

He Wanted That Wine.

General Sir E. Hamley is cited as the authority for a good anecdote about Bismarck. Hamley was sitting next to the chancellor at luncheon with the old Emperor William not far off.

Bismarck, talking rather loudly, described the old monarch as being querulous, but very forgetful. Hamley grew nervous, as he thought the emperor would hear. "For instance," continued Bismarck, "I pleased him the other day, and he asked me what he could do for me. I said, 'Give me a dozen of that Tokay you have in your cellars,' and he said he would. "But," added Bismarck, raising his voice still higher, "he hasn't done it." Here Hamley hastily broke in, "I beg your pardon, but I am really afraid the emperor will hear you." "I want him to hear me," roared Bismarck. "That's just what I want." And a smile broke over the face of his imperial master.—"Fifty Years of Fleet Street."

Tiger Story From India.

A man living in a village near Lucknow is reported to have had an extraordinary adventure in the jungle. He had gone in search of two buffaloes that had gone astray when he was attacked by a tiger.

He was unarmed except for a heavy stick. With which he fought until overcome by loss of blood, when he sank unconscious. At this moment the two buffaloes appeared, one of them stood over the wounded man while the other charged and tossed his head.

The man recovered consciousness sufficiently to his feet, when there was made another spring at him. The beast was, however, received on the horns of one of the buffaloes and was so badly wounded that it turned tail and slunk away.—London Express.

Liquid Metal Polish.

Take eight ounces of Spanish whiting, which must be perfectly free from grit, and mix in one quart of gasoline. Shake up the whiting and gasoline thoroughly. You will notice the whiting settles immediately, leaving the liquid as clear as water. To remedy this and, further, to make it a better polishing agent, add to each quart of the mixture thirty-two drops of oleic acid—no more, no less. Shake again, and the whiting will not settle. Apply to gold, silver, nickel, brass, glass or any kind of metallic surface with a piece of cotton flannel, rubbing well. Polish with a piece of same cloth.—Blacksmith and Wheelwright.

Waterproofing Dress Goods.

One of the most important processes used for waterproofing dress materials is on the lines of the old alumina process. In this case the factor used is rosin dissolved in a large bulk of petroleum spirit. The fabrics to be proofed are passed through a bath of this solution and dried to drive off the solvent. Following this, the goods are treated by pressing with hot polished metal rollers. This last process melts the small quantity of rosin which is deposited on the cloth and leaves each single fiber with an exceedingly thin film of rosin on it.

Forests and National Prosperity.

As a living example of the consequences of deforestation we need simply look to Spain, a country which centuries ago was rich in timber and agricultural products, a proud seafaring nation of world conquerors. Spain's decadence dates from the time when her timber supply became exhausted, her shipbuilding relaxed and her barren, unprotected soil ceased to bear fruit.—Forum.

A Long Way Around.

A man with a large family of daughters on his hands may profit by the following suggestion: An old lady who had several unmarried daughters fed them largely on a fish diet because, as she ingeniously observed, "fish is rich in phosphorus, and phosphorus is useful in making matches."

Her First Dinner.

"Yes," said Newlywed, "my wife and I are housekeeping now. She prepared our first dinner last night with her own fair hands."

"How was it?" asked Bachelier.

"Well, the nuts and raisins were fine."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Most Deadly of Insults.

Freddie—That creature actually told me to mind my own business, y'know! Cholly—The impertinent wretch! Freddie—Positively insulting! As if it could be insinuate, don't y'know, that I was in business!—Cleveland Leader.

Nobody can help being born stupid, but anybody can help becoming stupider than he was born.—Lady Helen Forbes.

I have money to loan on real estate no matter where located, at 4, 4½ and 5 per cent. interest. There is no reason for paying a larger interest than this. If you have real estate that will warrant a loan, write to me about it. All correspondence strictly confidential.

F. Arrington Peavey,
Mortgage Broker,
1090 Fulton St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

The Hawaiian Death Prayer.

Upon the minds of such a people as the Hawaiians were, while under their ancient form of religion, it was but natural that superstition should gain a rooted hold. The most curious and effective belief to which they were made subject was that a man can be prayed to death, a belief that survives among the natives to the present day. For the success of the tragical death prayer it was necessary to obtain some hair or a piece of finger nail of the intended victim. A priest was then employed to use incantation and prayer for his destruction. Always informed of the doom that the priest was invoking upon him, the victim generally pined away and died.

There is a story that an Englishman in the service of Kamehameha I. having incurred the displeasure of a priest, the latter proceeded to "remove" him by the death prayer process. The Anglo-Saxon, however, set up an opposition altar in derision and jokingly proclaimed that he intended to pray the priest to death. Alarmed at the threat and overwhelmed at the failure of his own incantations, the sorcerer died, proving by his death his faith in his religion.

The Social Capital.

We do not think that either Washington or New York or any other city will ever become the social capital of the United States as London is the social capital of Great Britain. Washington will come much nearer to it than it does at present, but the country is too big to have a social capital. Hordes of people will come to New York to make money, to amuse themselves, to study, to live their lives in the least restricted atmosphere that the country offers, but only very rich people will come here to find and occupy a place in organized society. Pleasant people will always find pleasant playmates here. There is no lack of good company for everybody that is companionable. But the charm of New York for people who still live elsewhere is not in its society, but in its shops and shows, its sunshine, its eating and its drinking. It is pleasant. It grows finer every day. When it is finished it will be a marvelous city, but hardly the social capital of the country.—Harper's Weekly.

A Fishy Accusal.

No two lots of the tarpon are quite alike. As the tarpon comes out into the air the jaws distend, his gills flap open, and he makes half rolls on across the water for a hundred feet, while he rights at the hook, shaking his head angrily from side to side, like a horse that rights his bit. In midflight he will turn and cut into the stream with a head on dive that makes a perfect geyser-spout of the whitened water. His next emergence may be a back somersault, and his third a long distance jump with no hitch to it, but a substantial gain in feet. With infinite spirit he will continue his play until absolutely worn out, when the spring and somersaulting lapse into a long, rolling stroke from side to side, showing the two foot dorsal blanket, which waves and floats out behind, like some independent water creature.—Country Life in America.

The Knowledge That Pays.

If you glance round at the work of some of our big men you will be surprised to see how many have made their reputation by doing one small thing, but doing it well. If a man gets to the front in one narrow subject the world credits him with knowledge of all the rest. It is, however, even easier to acquire a large general knowledge than an advanced special knowledge of one narrow subject. The specialty must not be too narrow either. It is often said that the pursuit of knowledge has a nobility of its own. But what knowledge? No knowledge is worth obtaining for its own or any other sake unless it is or will probably be useful to man.—James Swinburne in Electrical Review.

Could Be Happy If We Wished.

If in a less fortunate time than ours, when the resources of mind and body were less varied and plentiful than they are now, men and women took delight in life, warmed both hands at its fire and filled their hearts with joy and gladness, may we not conclude that they were happy simply because they lived, as we might, in the right way, and put to their right uses that which was provided for them?—Christian Register.

Overeducated Hindoos.

There exists among India's educated classes a mad desire for professional vocations. Take a walk in certain streets in India, and you will observe a perfect panorama of signboard depicting professional callings, and the business houses are principally conspicuous by their absence.—Times of India.

Time to Begin.

Are you doing as much to brighten this world as a single sunbeam does? Are you scattering as much fragrance in the lives about you as is shed by one little violet? Do you refresh tired hearts as a drop of rain refreshes a drooping plant? If not, it is time to begin.—Detroit Free Press.

His Economy.

Wyse—Browne is very economical, isn't he? Black—Browne? Well, I'll tell you. Browne is the sort of man who, when he wants an owl and hasn't any, instead of buying one will go to work to make one by straightening out a corkscrew.

A Puzzle.

Miss Snowflake—What did Jim Jackson git married for? Miss Washtub—Goodness only knows! He keeps right on workin'.—Puck.

Be ignorance thy choice where knowledge leads to woe.—Beattie.

Duff's COLLEGE

stands a sound Business Education, giving young men and women a start in life, enabling them to earn a livelihood in shortest time consistent with thorough work. Summer vacation; enter at any time. Wm. H. Duff, Pres., Pittsburg, Pa.

The Perspective of Light.

Velasquez recognized that light is elastic and illuminates the air; hence he was the first to discover a new kind of perspective. Men long ago had learned to make lines vanish from the eye to make the figures diminish in size and shape as they recede from the front, and to explain the distance by contrasts of light and shade. But he discovered the perspective of light. By the most delicate rendering of the quantity of light reflected from each and every part of the room and the figures and objects in it he has given to the latter the reality of form and to the room its hollowness and distance.—St. Nicholas.

New Caledonia.

Until 1853 New Caledonia was a sort of no man's land. Then both England and France decided to annex it, and orders came to two warships to proceed thither at once. They started the same day. The English captain had heard of the reefs that surround the island, and he was cautious. The Frenchman went ahead without regard for the reefs. When the British captain arrived he saw the tricolor flying from a hill, and he was invited to come in and dine on French soil.

The Secret Letter Writer.

As during the leisure classes in the days of [illegible] mother read more than the American letter writer does it is [illegible] He writes letters [illegible] have letters, begging letters, it matters little to him, so that he is paid for his work. These men are found in the Place of Santo Domingo, a secret market place, where second-hand articles are for sale.

His Discovery.

City Chap (back from a visit to the farm)—You know, I thought I had a clinch when the hired man told me to milk the cow that didn't have any horns. Friend—Wasn't it? City Chap—No! It isn't the horns that create a disturbance when a greenhorn is milking. It's the hind legs!—Detroit Free Press.

Hit the Old Man There.

"Can you support my daughter in the style to which she has been accustomed?"

"Perhaps not, but I can support her in the style in which her mother was accustomed during her early married life."—Life.

He Still Wonders.

Fangle—Oh, yes, I can understand how ship astronomers can calculate their distance by a star, its weight and density and color and all that, but the thing that gets me is how they know its name.—Puck.

The Sweet Telling.

Aunt Hannah—Have you told any one of your engagement to Mr. Sweeter? Edith—No, I haven't told a soul—except Bessie Miller, who thought he was going to ask her.

The Key

to all success is knowledge. That's why we are the most successful plumbers in the city. We have a correct knowledge of the trade.

Plumbing

as we do it is easy because we know how. So the most difficult job doesn't scare us. The only part of the business we don't know is making out big bills. And we are too old to learn now.

EDGAR W. STRONG,

HOT WATER, STEAM AND HOT AIR HEATING. Smethport.

C. A. BURDICK

Dealer in the following high-grade pianos:

The A. B. Chase, The Van Dyke, Bush & Gerts, Story & Clark, Packard and Malcolm Love.

Wheeler & Wilson, Domestic and other Sewing Machines.

Also representing the Michigan Mutual Life Insurance Co., Standard Life and Accident Insurance Co. and Eleven of the largest Fire Insurance Companies in the United States.

C. A. BURDICK.
Main Street, Smethport, Pa.

Palmer & Vickery

LIVERY, FEED & SALE STABLES.

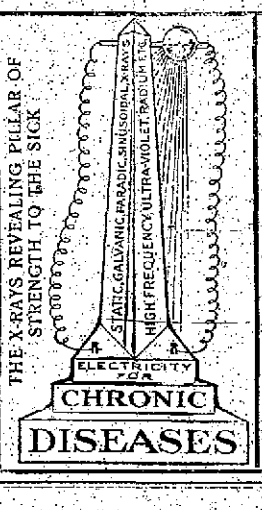
FOR SALE.

Horses, Carriages, Wagons, Harness, Etc. Cutters and Robes.

Smethport - - Penn.

March 5, 1903

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM
Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Original Color. Cures diseases & hair falling. 50 cent & $1.00 at Druggists.



J. W. KING, M. D.

CHRONIC DISEASES A SPECIALTY

BRADFORD, PENNSYLVANIA.

SPECIAL FACILITIES for the Treatment of Cancer, Tuberculosis, Lupus, and other ailments rebellious to medical and surgical means. The oldest X-Ray and Electrical Laboratory, for the purpose of diagnosis and treatment of diseases, in Western Pennsylvania.

It Will Cost Only One Cent.

to buy a postal card and send to the New York Tribune Farmer, New York City, for a free specimen copy.

The New York Tribune Farmer is a National Illustrated Agricultural Weekly for farmers and their families and every issue contains matter instructive and entertaining to every member of the family. The price is $1 per year, but if you like it you can secure it with your own favorite local newspaper, THE MINER, Smethport, at a bargain. Both papers one year only $1.25.

Send your order and money to

THE McKEAN COUNTY MINER, Smethport.

JUST A WORD

—WE CARRY—

FURNITURE AND CARPETS

In a large assortment and can please all customers.

SPECHT & SASSE, Smethport, Pa.

Brasted's BAKERY IS THE PLACE FOR PIES, COOKIES, CAKES, BREAD, ETC.

McKean County Miner

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY

TERMS:—$1.25 per year, or if paid strictly in advance, $1.00 per year.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Display advertisements published at the rate of $1.00 per inch per annum, payable monthly. Our own position and no deviation from this rule. Extra charge for single insertion.

Reading notices, five cents per line for each insertion.

Legal advertisements, five cents per line for each insertion.

Cards, not exceeding one inch, $5.00 per annum.

Birth, marriage and death notices inserted free.

Executors' and administrators' notices, $3.00 each.

Address all communications to

HARRY L. BACKUS,
Editor and Prop'r.

Smethport, Thursday, Feb. 16, 1905.

Announcement.

FOR SHERIFF.

TO THE EDITOR:—I hereby announce myself a candidate for the office of Sheriff of McKean county, subject to the decision of the Republican party at the county primaries.

BURT MCALLISTER.

Lord, Jan. 2, 1905.

EDITOR MINER:—Please announce that I am a candidate for the office of sheriff of McKean county, subject to the decision of the Republican party at the county primaries.

GEORGE W. MITCHELL.

Smethport, Jan. 4, 1905.

FOR PROTHONOTARY.

EDITOR MINER:—You are hereby authorized to announce my name as a candidate for Prothonotary of the Court of Common Pleas of McKean County, subject to the Republican primaries.

SAMUEL E. BELL.

Smethport, Jan. 28, 1905.

FOR RECORDER OF DEEDS.

EDITOR MINER:—Please announce that I am a candidate for the nomination of Recorder of Deeds, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries.

H. M. CROATE.

Smethport, Pa., Jan. 9, 1905.

REGISTER OF WILLS.

EDITOR MINER:—Please announce that I am a candidate for the nomination of Register of Wills and Clerk of the Orphans' Court of McKean County, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries.

JOHN B. EASTMAN.

Smethport, Jan. 30, 1905.

CLERK OF COURTS.

EDITOR MINER:—I hereby announce myself a candidate for Clerk of the Courts of General and Quarter Sessions and Oyer and Terminer of McKean county, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries.

W. H. MORRISON.

Smethport, Feb. 3, 1905.

FOR COUNTY COMMISSIONER.

EDITOR MINER:—I hereby announce myself a candidate for re-election to the office of County Commissioner, subject to the decision of Republican voters at the primaries.

JOHN A. PETERSON.

Bradford, Pa., Jan. 28, 1905.

EDITOR MINER:—I hereby announce myself a candidate for re-election to the office of County Commissioner, subject to the decision of the Republican voters at the primaries.

GEORGE GRIFFITHS.

Kane, Pa., Jan. 28, 1905.

FOR DISTRICT ATTORNEY.

The MINER is authorized to announce H. S. Rogers of Mt. Jewett as a candidate for District Attorney, subject to the usages of the Republican party.

EDITOR MINER:—I hereby announce myself as a candidate for the nomination for the office of District Attorney of McKean county subject to the decision of the voters at the Republican primaries.

GUY B. MAYO.

Smethport, Feb. 4, 1905.

FOR COUNTY AUDITOR.

EDITOR MINER:—Please announce that I am a candidate for the nomination of County Auditor, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries.

OSCAR ENGSTROM.

Smethport, Pa., Jan. 24, 1905.

STATE DELEGATE.

TO THE EDITOR:—I hereby announce myself a candidate for the position of Delegate to the Republican State Convention, subject to the decision of the Republicans of McKean county at the coming primaries.

THOMAS B. WILSON.

Bradford, Pa., Feb. 14, 1905.

KING OSCAR of Sweden and Norway has virtually abdicated his throne. He is 76 years of age and for years has been recognized as one of the world's greatest living men.

THE Democrats of Elk county are booming Harry R. Hyde for the office of associate judge of that county made vacant by the death of Judge Andrew Kaul of St. Marys.

AN anti-treating bill was introduced in the House on Monday by Mr. Hitchcock of Tioga. The bill prohibits the "proprietors furnishing of vinous, spirituous, malt or brewed liquors or cider at any licensed hotel, restaurant or other place kept for the sale of such liquors." A penalty of from $5 to $20 is prescribed for the first offense and from $20 to $100 or from 10 to 90 days imprisonment for each subsequent offense. If this bill is passed and properly enforced it will do more for the cause of temperance than anything ever done in the State.

THOMAS B. WILSON, a popular young attorney of Bradford announces his candidacy in this issue for the position of delegate to the Republican State convention, subject to the decision of the party in McKean county at the primaries. Of him the Era says: Mr. Wilson has been a resident of Bradford since his childhood and is an able lawyer whose friends are legion. He is a loyal, energetic Republican and a young man who deserves to be recognized and honored by his fellow citizens. He is regarded by those who have urged him to run for the position of delegate as a winning candidate.

AT a banquet given in his honor at New York Monday evening President Roosevelt spoke on the race problem. He appealed to the North to make its friendship to the South all the greater because of "the embarrassment of conditions for which she is not alone responsible" declared that the heartiest acknowledgements are due to the ministers, law officers, grand juries, public men and great daily newspapers in the South who have recently done such effective work in leading the crusade against lynching" and said that the problem was to "so adjust the relations between two races of different ethic type that the backward race be trained so that it may enter into the possession of true freedom, while the forward race is enabled to preserve unharmed the high civilization wrought out by its forefathers.

A CLASH has occurred between the United States Senate and President Roosevelt in connection with certain arbitration treaties arranged by and between the United States and eight foreign powers—the purpose of the treaties being to submit matters in dispute between the nations, to arbitration. The President's motive in arranging such treaties was to avoid war with the powers with which they were negotiated. But the Senate, believing that it should be consulted in any special international dispute which might require adjudication, concluded to amend the treaties as written, substituting the word "agreement" for "treaty," in a certain clause. The President protested against the change in the language and wrote a strong letter to one of the Senators expressing his view upon the matter. The Senate ignored Mr. Roosevelt's opinions and by a vote of 50 to 9, passed the amendment. The President is fully convinced as to the hostile attitude of the Senate and it is expected will send it that the amended treaties are not accepted by the European governments with which they deal. Thus a peculiar situation has developed and movement which meant much for the abolition of war has received a serious setback. The real object of the Senate is doubtless to curb the tendency of the President in taking the initiative for bringing about legislative action along various lines. The Senate would prefer a more passive President, it appears.—Bradford Era.

Washington Letter.

(From Our Regular Correspondent.)

Washington, D. C., Feb. 11, 1905.

John Wanamaker the merchant prince of Philadelphia and New York was Postmaster General during the administration of President Harrison and one of the best Postmaster Generals if not the very best the country has ever had. He strove to make reforms and improvements in the post office department but soon found that he could not do much. He said recently that there were four reasons why we cannot have a parcels post and other postoffice facilities that have long been enjoyed in Germany, France, England, Italy and other countries. The four reasons were the four great American Express companies, There were four express companies then; there are six now. They are amalagated into a trust. They are the successful rivals of the United States government in its own territory and in its peculiar domain monopolizing the most important of the postal carrying business compelling the people to pay many hundreds of thousands of dollars yearly and bringing the country through the postal system into debt when if it were not for these express companies there would be a yearly surplus to the credit of the postoffice. This condition of affairs could not exist in an alleged free country and under a Republican form of government. It could not exist here were it not for the fact that it has behind it the boss of the most powerful State of the Union, a State that furnishes thirty-nine votes in the electoral college and that represents a large proportion of the wealth of the Union, contains the largest city in the Union and with over twelve hundred millionaires, many of them rich in express stock. How long, O how long will the country tolerate this particular octopus? Will it continue after the decrepit Senator who is now the president of the express company trust and its attorney in the capitol has passed away? The thieves in the postoffice department were sent to Moundsville penitentiary this week. The beef trust is supposed to have received a stunning blow from the Supreme Court of the United States. The railroads appear to be docile and plastic to legislation. May we not hope that this entrenched trust may also have to loosen its grip?

In the great inaugural parade on the fourth of March 35,000 thousand men will march on Pennsylvania ave. Of these five thousand will be United States regulars, 12,000 state militia and about five thousand civilians from all parts of the country. The four great races will be represented, for Indians, Filipinos and negroes will march beside the white man. The President will be escorted by a squad of his own "Rough Riders" and this with the other features of the show will make it more bewildering than a three ringed circus. The route of the parade, however, will be contingent on the condition of Pennsylvania avenue. That thoroughfare is occasionally under water and it may be that the procession will have to make a detour to reach the capitol. The snow fall of this winter is almost unprecedented and when the water begins to rise they may submerge the Avenue. March fourth is an especially favorable time for a flood and the inaugural committees are anxiously awaiting the date. Stands are to be erected along the avenue and for from fifty cents to a dollar a person may buy a seat from which to view the parade. Many thousand dollars are invested in these stands which are uncovered and the investor risks all his money on the state of the weather. If the sun shines he sells his seats and makes a haul. If it is cold and snowy he draws a blank. Windows in hotels and business houses along the avenue are all engaged in advance. The prices range from five to fifty dollars a window, the latter being the price asked in the New Willard and Raleigh Hotels for a room with a window on the avenue for the day. In these high priced stations prominent officials or residents collect a number of their friends and serve luncheon, and make a social affair of the occasion. Humbler citizens are content to pay twenty-five cents for a dry goods box somewhere near the edge of the pavement on the route of the parade and the enterprising African who can gather together a number of boxes or get his wagon in a good situation is sure of having patronage. The committee this year, it is said, will not permit wagons and dry goods boxes along the route but there are pretty sure to be some cheap coins of vantage somewhere.

The ball in the evening will, of course, be the climax of the day and inasmuch as the fourth of March comes on Saturday the ball must close before twelve o'clock or profane the Sabbath. After much discussion Congress permitted the use of the Pension Office and the decorations of flags and flowers are already in preparation. Thousands of dollars will be spent in flowers and the majestic columns of the Pension Office will be wreathed with color. No more suitable place can be found in any country for a great festive gathering than the Pension Office with its smooth floor of nearly an acre in extent and its tiers of balconies for the convenience of those who prefer to look on and do not care to dance. The building is perfectly heated and ventilated and no matter how disagreeable the weather may be outside the guests will be thoroughly comfortable. At General Grant's last inauguration in 1873 a temporary structure was made near where the Pension Office now stands. It was not heated and the unique spectacle was presented of gentlemen in overcoats and ladies in scal-skins shivering and smiting their hands while they danced.

Notice of Dissolution of Partnership.

Notice is hereby given that the partnership between Henry Wright and Myron Terwilliger was dissolved on the 31st day of January, A. D. 1905, by mutual consent. All debts due to the said partnership are to be paid to them, or either of them, and those due from the same discharged at their late place of business in the borough of Smethport, Pa., where the business will be continued by Myron Terwilliger.

HENRY WRIGHT.
MYRON TERWILLIGER.

For Sale.

Desirable lot, 32x115 feet, on Main street, between Dr. Brown's office and J. W. Pickersgill's. Inquire of

JOHN BARQUIST, Hazelhurst, Pa.

NO GUESSING NECESSARY

Where to go for a BARGAIN in a Suit or an Overcoat. We always sell the best goods at the lowest price possible, but to secure

THE SAME GOODS

at prices as quoted below should cause you to come here to be fitted at once:

$13.50 for Overcoats or Suits that were $16.50 to $20.

$11.50 for Overcoats or Suits that were $13.50 to $15.

$8.50 for Overcoats or Suits that were $10.50 to $12.50; and

$7.50 Suits or Overcoats go now for $5.00.

Other goods reduced too.

WM. MONHEIMER,
SMETHPORT.

GIRLS WANTED!

A number of learners wanted in the weaving department at the Andover Silk Mill. Apply in person or by letter at once.

Rochambeau Silk Co.
ANDOVER, N. Y.

DENTISTRY.

Modern, scientific and up-to-date.

Painless extraction of teeth. Over 25 years' experience.

atisfaction guaranteed.

DR. F. C. PIERCE,
Smethport, Pa.

CAN GOODS

I mention below a few leaders, which being overstocked on wish to move.

3 Cans Sweet Corn 25c
3 Cans Tomatoes 25c
3 Cans Peas 25c

I have the better grades of canned goods, all up to the imported articles of food. For a strictly fancy article ask for Eagle pea and tomatoes. 15c Can

Try Chase & Sanborn brand of coffee—no better in town.

Michigan can fruits; peaches, pears and plums. They are fine 25c Can

J. COLEGROVE,
SMETHORT, PA.

N xt to Bank.

Fall and Winter Shoes. . . . .

Our stock of Shoes for the Fall and Winter is complete and we are showing a large stock of the best makes.

When in need of footwear of any description gives us a call.

Shoes for Men
Shoes for Women
Shoes for Children
Shoes for Everybody

Anderson & Carlson,
Smethport, Pa.

Repairing a Specialty.

L. K. Hogarth

PURE DRUGS AND MEDICINES.

RUBBER GOODS
SICK ROOM FURNISHINGS

Prescriptions accurately compounded.

LEATHER GOODS
JEWELRY
CUT GLASS
HAND PAINTED CHINA
STATIONERY
PERFUMES

We carry in stock all the latest

MAGAZINES AND PERIODICALS.

Our business is bigger and better this year than ever and we can please you both in quality and price.

Oldest drug store in the county—Established 1865.

L. K. Hogarth,
Leading Druggist.
Opp. Court House, SMETHPORT.

Blankets and Robes.

The season for Blankets and Robes is here and at this store you can always find

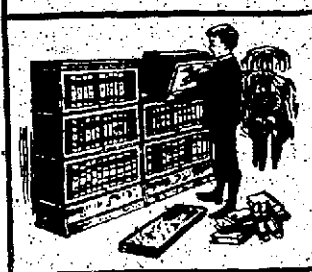
Just What You Want.

all line of Trunks, Telescopes, Suit Case Traveling Bags, etc., at popular prices.

Harness—All the latest styles in single or double, light and heavy harness.

Chas. Lemmler,
Smethport, Pa.

McCOY'S DRUG STORE



Globe-Wernicke
"ELASTIC" BOOKCASE
with perfect end-locking device, perfection roller-bearing dust-proof doors. A perfect sectional bookcase for home or office. Call and see it, or send for catalogue.

BIG REDUCTIONS

IN

HEAVY SUITS

AND

OVERCOATS.

COME EARLY AND GET FIRST CHOICE.

H. W. RUBIN, METHPORT, PENNA.

The Old Reliable Clothier, Furnisher and Merchant Tailor.

Just Received From New York City at Store of D. C. Young

Fine assortment of New Spring Dress Goods, Fancy Goods and Notions. Newest things out in Wash Goods for Ladies' Wear. Also nice lot of Ladies' Shirt Waists for every day wear, at popular prices. Also a new lot of latest styles in Ladies' Fine Shoes. Call and examine same before purchasing elsewhere At same time do not forget to take a glance at our bargain counter where you can find many things that will interest you.

D. C. YOUNG
SMETHPORT, PA.

Feb. 6, 1905.

PLACE YOUR ORDER FOR

Fall and Winter Clothing

with me. Have an up-to-date and complete line to select from and if you are thinking of getting a

SUIT, OVERCOAT OR TROUSERS

made to order it will pay you to call and inspect my line before going elsewhere. Clothes cleaned and pressed promptly. A trial will convince you.

Satisfaction Guaranteed.

G. W. Shillenn,

The Leading Tailor

Chadwick Block. Smethport.

STOP! READ! and REFLECT

And then go to

BROWNELL BROTHERS

Where you will find a carefully and well selected stock of

DRY GOODS, NOTIONS
FURNISHING GOODS,
HATS, CAPS, BOOTS and SHOES

AND A CHOICE LINE OF THE

FINEST GROCERIES

TO BE FOUND IN TOWN AT

ROCK-BOTTOM PRICES.

GROCERIES

As you know we have always carried a first class line of groceries, but perhaps you do not know that we have in our store a fancy stock of groceries, fruits and nuts for the holidays. In the stock you will find all the table delicacies usually found in a large city store.

We also have the best oysters in town and they are always fresh.

Hagberg & Sherburne

The Lindholm Company

FEBRUARY

WHITE GOODS SALE!

During the past week hundreds of women attended our MUSLIN UNDERWEAR SALE and took advantage of the low prices quoted in the last issue of this paper. Some lots were all sold in four days, but a duplicate order came quick, so now we can fill all orders promptly at the same low prices. Don't let this opportunity go by without putting in a supply of Muslin Underwear at these low prices.

NEW THIS WEEK.

The latest creations in long and short Kimonas and Dressing Sacques. Many Japanese patterns in the lot. See our display in East window.

Ladies' Walking Skirts, special $3.00 values.....$1.98

They come in grey and brown mixtures, all sizes, 23 to 30-inch waist band.

The Lindholm Company

Yankee Doodle is Yankee Doodle--whether played by a little German band or by the great Sousa himself.

Of course they would play it very differently but could you explain the difference in such a way that anyone would understand it.

We are up against a similar difficulty.

A Gas Range is a Gas Range, but how can we make you understand how far superior the "Favorite Line" is to the others?

That is why we beg you to come in and see them and let us explain their many superior points over all other Gas Ranges.

REDFIELD'S HARDWARE

McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, Feb. 16, 1905.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—Next Tuesday is election day.

—Port Allegany has a case of scarlet fever.

—At the present time Sheriff Mays has 30 boarders.

—Select the best men and vote for them next Tuesday.

—"The Katzenjammer Kids" at the Lyceum Monday evening.

—See "The Katzenjammer Kids" at the Lyceum Monday evening.

—John Bender is working in the barber shop of Joseph Mundy.

—William Hearst, an old resident of Kane, died at that place last week.

—St. Marys will have a free mail delivery service commencing March 1.

—The country roads are almost impassable on account of deep snow and drifts.

—R. B. Stone of Bradford has been re-appointed a trustee of the State Hospital for Insane at Warren.

—Edinboro Normal aims at "thoroughness" in everything. Catalog sent free. John F. Bigler, Prin.

—The Lindholm Co. are advertising some specials in ladies' kimonas and walking skirts and their white sale this week.

—The Ladies' Aid Society of the M. E. church will hold a cooked food sale in the chapel Saturday, Feb. 18; beginning at 2 o'clock.

—Wm. Glavin, Sr., died at his home in Keating township this morning at five o'clock. Further particulars will be published next week.

—As the result of a coasting accident at New Brighton, Pa., five young men are dead and others injured. Their sled ran into a moving train.

—It is reported that Hornellsville parties are looking for a site for a silk mill and that it will be located either in a McKean or Potter county town.

—The Bachelor Euchre Club, composed of seven young couples, has been formed and was entertained for the first time by Miss Mabel Camp last Thursday evening.

—Allen Park has resigned his position in the insurance office of O. A. Burdick and has accepted the position of shipping clerk for the Smethport Glass Company.

—Miss Mayme Colegrove entertained a number of young people last Friday evening in honor of Will Fry, who leaves tomorrow to take charge of the Fry & Comes store at Hazelhurst.

—Mrs. S. W. Hubbard, who underwent a severe operation in the Buffalo hospital Saturday, is in a dangerous condition.

—Leo C. Trace, aged 21 years, died at the home of his parents in Bradford Saturday, the cause of his death being diabetes. He was a son of Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Trace, formerly of Colegrove.

—The pardon board yesterday morning granted a continuance in the case of Mrs. Kate Edwards, who was to have been hanged at Reading to-day, and granted a re-hearing in the Grenson case.

—Mrs. F. C. Pierce was operated on for tumor at Buffalo on Saturday last. Late reports from her bedside are to the effect that she is improving rapidly and will be able to return home in a couple of weeks.

—Sol Offenbach, an ex-soldier in the Russian army, who recently fled from Poland to escape service in the Russian army in Manchuria, is at present living with relatives in this city, says the Bradford Star.

—Residents of the eastern part of town have been having some trouble in getting enough gas this week. Salt water in the line created the difficulty and a force of men are at work trying to remove the water.

—Miss Maude E. Irons of Buffalo, formerly of this place, who has been seriously ill for the past two months, has recovered sufficiently to be moved to the home of her sister, Mrs. E. G. Hokensen of Salamanca, N. Y.

—All that Managers Blondell & Fennessy claim for their farce comedy production, "The Katzenjammer Kids," is that it is productive of clean, wholesome, up-to-date fun. See them at the Lyceum next Monday evening.

—"The Place and Function of the Church in the Life of Smethport" is the topic for next Sunday morning at the Methodist church. "A Town Without a Sabbath" is the evening topic. The male quartet will sing in the evening.

—Fire has been lighted in one of the tanks of the Keystone Glass Company at Hazelhurst and blowing will commence early in March. With this factory running at its full capacity Hazelhurst will be one of the liveliest towns in this section.

—County Commissioner Geo. Griffiths was in town yesterday looking after Clyde Clark, who was injured in the brush block factory some days ago. Blood poisoning has set in and the man will be laid up for some time.—Saturday's Kane Republican.

—What some more graduates of Warner's Business College at Bradford are doing: Miss Reck, in lumber office at St. Marys. Miss Ayres, with Dr. Hamby. Mr. Gordnier, with Holley Hotel. Miss McFadden, with Tait & Jones. Miss Perkins, with Ingram Co.

—At St. Luke's church on next Sunday the services will be at 8:00 and 10:30 a. m. and at 7:30 p. m. The lessons for Septuagesima Sunday will be "The Parable of the Laborers" and "The Christian Race."

—A house belonging to John Rush, located on the north side of the Bush Hill road, was totally destroyed by fire Tuesday night. The house is known as the Bush homestead, and it is understood, was unoccupied at the time of the fire. The origin of the fire is unknown.

—The man who doesn't want to pay his bills can always find some excuse, satisfactory to himself, at least. He is always so sensitive about such things that he is easily offended at a dun and often makes that his excuse for keeping the money in his pockets that he owes on honest debts.—Ex.

—Mrs. Sheridan Gorton of Smethport was the guest of honor at a reception given Friday afternoon by Mrs. J. F. Davis at her home on Congress street. Progressive euchre was the principal feature of the afternoon, and was followed by luncheon served at 5 o'clock.—Saturday's Bradford Era.

—From the Mt. Jewett it is learned that two children of Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Landon are ill with diphtheria, one of them, Walter, aged 10 years, being in a serious condition. Arlie, a 19-months-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Landon, died on February 3d, after an illness of three days' duration of what was at the time diagnosed as membranous croup.

—Last Thursday a deal was closed between J. C. Gallup of this place and A. E. Foster of Kushequa, whereby the latter gentleman with E. K. Kane became owners of the store of the Gallup Grocery Co. Mr. Foster has held the position of manager of the large store of Mr. Kane at Kushequa for the past twelve years and will have charge of the store in this place.

—The Pittsburg, Shawmut & Northern R. R. will build a combination freight and passenger station near the corner of South Green and Union streets in the near future. It will be a one-story brick building 24x74 feet in size. It will be divided into a freight station, baggage room, ticket office, freight office and waiting room, size of which will be 14x32 feet.—Olean Ledger.

—"Miss Bob White," Willard Spencer's greatest success, is more popular than ever it seems, week after week, it is the same old story, capacity and the S. R. O. sign displayed most of the time. This sounds like the press agent story, but, it is nevertheless authentic, and must be very gratifying to the composer, company and the management. At the Smethport Lyceum, Monday evening, Feb. 27.

—Alderman Egbert imposed a fine of $10.50 and costs on Rev. A. T. Evans of Custer City yesterday morning, on a charge of cruelty to animals. The hearing in the case took place last week and the decision was reserved until Monday. The defendant was accused of neglecting to provide suitable shelter for his cows at Custer City, despite warnings alleged to have been received from the Humane Society, and his arrest followed.—Bradford Era.

—The Smart Set has fairly outdone itself in the March number, which marks the beginning of the sixth year of its existence. The complete novel is "The Princess Elopes," by Harold MacGrath, an author whose immense popularity is due to the fact that he is a born story-teller. Mr. MacGrath is at his very best in this charming tale of a European princess and a young American medical student. It is a delightful blending of romance and delicate humor touched everywhere with the deft hand of an author who has mastered his craft.

—The question of obtaining rig timber for their leases is an interesting and important one to solve for the big producing concerns of the oil fields. Owing to the rapid decimation of forests rig timber is hard to get. In order to secure material required by the McKeown estate in its extensive operations Manager William McKeown has purchased the timber on a tract of 520 acres located beyond Bolivar Run and extending toward State Line. The timber was purchased from Shay and Douglass Brothers and is of an excellent quality.—Bradford Era.

—This is rather chilly weather to talk baseball, but from present indications Smethport will be able to put a strong team in the field next summer. It is not too early to attempt to arouse enthusiasm. Other towns are agitating the question and Smethport should do likewise. The Eldred Eagle advises Bradford to join the McKean League, instead of the more expensive league now being considered by small cities in New York and Pennsylvania. It is certainly good advice. A well-known player told the writer recently that although he had several offers he did not care to play professional ball next season and hoped that a local team would be organized. His services would certainly be a great help to the town.

Ingersoll on Women.

"I tell you women are more prudent than men, I tell you, as a rule, women are more faithful than men. I never saw a man pursue his wife into the very ditch and dust of degredation and take her in his arms. I never saw a man stand at the shore when she had been morally wrecked, waiting for the waves to bring back even her corpse to his arms; but I have seen woman with her white arms lift man from the mire of degradation, and hold him to her bosom as though he were an angel."

The Blue Flame Heater; just the proper thing. No smoke or smell.
Holmes & Gilfillan.

Personal Mention.

Sheriff Chas. E. Mays had business in Kane Saturday.

Hon. T. J. Richmond had business in Port Allegany yesterday.

Mrs. Allen Park is visiting friends in New York city this week.

W. G. Shoemaker of Buffalo was the guest of friends in town this week.

Dr. John Clark returned Saturday evening from a professional visit to Buffalo.

Mrs. Sheridan Gorton returned Saturday from a visit with friends in Bradford.

Misses Sadie Conley, Bessie Provin and Lena Wiltsie visited in Kane last week.

Miss Edith McGuire returned Tuesday from a few weeks' visit in Punxsutawney.

E. J. Brasted of Kane was a guest of relatives and friends in town the first of the week.

Mrs. John J. Miller of Joppa, Ill., is visiting her mother, Mrs. Mary Hussey, on Green street.

James A. McKean was called to Buffalo Wednesday morning by the serious illness of Mrs. S. W. Hubbard of Newton.

Harry Ribin returned home from Syracuse on Monday where he had been purchasing a line of Nettleton shoes for the spring trade.

Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Hogan and daughter of Bolivar, N. Y., were guests of Mr. and Mrs. D. M. Sheehan the forepart of the week.

F. L. Holmes and J. C. Backus are in Milwaukee to attend the National Bowling Tournament and introduce the Backus Automatic Pin Setter.

Advertised Letters.

List of letters remaining in the post office at Smethport for the week ending Feb. 11, 1905:

D. Albright, C. W. De Bell, Chas. B. Foster, H. S. Johnson, Mrs. G. W. Moore, Jack Willcox, A. E. Warren.

Persons calling for these letters please say "advertised." All unclaimed letters are sent to the Dead Letter Office two weeks from date of advertising.

J. C. GALLUP,
Postmaster.

Notice.

Having sold our stock of groceries, fixtures, etc., to A. E. Foster & Co., all persons owing the Gallup Grocery Co. will please make payment to our successors at your earliest convenience, as these accounts must be settled up at once.

Yours truly,
GALLUP GROCERY CO.

For Sale.

One good general purpose horse, 10 hundred pounds, good age and sound. One 2nd hand canopy top surrey, nearly new. One 2nd hand single harness. One 2nd hand top buggy. One Mulholland spring buckboard, new. One set light bob sleighs, pole or shafts.

A. T. PALMER.
Smethport, Pa., Feb. 2, 1905.

Over Nineteen Hours Saved

To Mexico City. Double daily through Pullman car service from St. Louis via the Iron Mountain Route, Texas & Pacific Ry., International & Great Northern R. R., and National R. R. of Mexico. The most scenic route to the Capital of Old Mexico. For rates and descriptive pamphlet address Jno. R. James, C. P. A., 315 Bessemer Bldg., Pittsburg, Pa.

Notice to Advertisers.

All advertisers should remember that changes of advertisements must reach this office not later than 1 p. m. on Tuesday in order to appear in the following issue of the MINER. We must strictly enforce this rule so it would be well to paste this where the "ad man" can see it.

House and Lots for Sale.

I offer for sale my house and barn on the north side of King street; also several very nice building lots within two minutes' walk of the court house.

W. F. SPECHT.

Auction Sale.

Of household goods. Dining room suit, bed room suit, refrigerator, potatoes and canned goods, at 9 Willow St., Feb. 18, at 2 p. m. MRS. SADIE PALMER.

Big bargains in baby push sleds at
Holmes & Gilfillan's.

LYCEUM THEATRE.

ONE NIGHT ONLY

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 20th

BLONDELL & FENNESSY'S

HURRICANE OF FUN AND FROLIC

THE KATZENJAMMER KIDS

DON'T MISS THEM

Secure Seats Early

"IT IS TO LAUGH."

ALL STAR CAST.

BAKER & LYNN, Premier Delineators of Juvenile Comedy.
WALLY CLARK, the popular German Comedian.
WM. BAKER, Monologue Comedian.
THE ROBISON SISTERS, Acrobatic Dancing Marvels.
MISS JOSIE RALSON, Chic Soubrette.
MAJOR AL CRIQUI, the Smallest Comedian on the Stage.
GEO. V. BAKER, the great Acrobatic and Character Comedian.
DAY & VESTAL, Sketch Artists, and many others.

Prices - 25, 35, 50 and 75c

BANNER PATTERNS 10c & 15c — MONARCH SHIRT $1.50 & $1.50

FRY & COMES

New White Goods

The time for spring sewing is at hand. This store has made more elaborate preparation this year than ever before, and now lays before its friends the best assortments and best values it has ever had the good fortune to secure. We have crowded all the value possible into each of the several items and feel safe in promising you at least ten to twenty per cent more in quality than is usually offered.

India Linons, Victoria Lawns, Persian Lawns, French Lawns, Batistes, Mulls, Dimities, Epinglines, Voiles, Voile De Laval, Fancy Piques, Grenadines and many other weaves in mercerized and lace effects.

8c to 50c per yard.

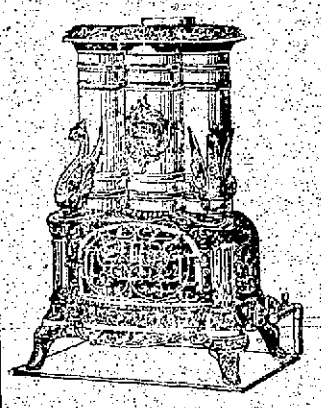
New Colored Wash Goods

In line with the improvement in white goods values and assortments therein colored wash fabrics are much superior to last season's offerings.

Among the weaves that fashion promises great popularity this season are: Spot Mohairs, Embroidered, Plain and Knotted Voiles, Crepes, Etamines, Arnold's Taffetas, Broche Novelties, Eolienues, Soisettes, Mohair Lustres.

8c to 50c Per yard.

FRY & COMES



JUST A MOMENT

Really, we don't expect to be able to tell you all the good points about

GARNET JEWEL HEATERS

in "just a moment," but what we would like to do is to secure your attention long enough to impress upon you the merits of this THE MOST EFFECTIVE HEATER FOR NATURAL GAS MADE.

HOLMES & GILFILLAN

THE GREAT SUPPLY HOUSE

DOUBLE STORE IN HAMILTON BLOCK

Reducing Stock

BEFORE INVENTORY

OUR FEBRUARY SALE IS ON

ALL GOODS REDUCED

GREAT BARGAINS IN DIAMONDS
GREAT BARGAINS IN WATCHES

Buy Now and Save Money

SPECIAL COUNTERS

PRILL

7 MAIN STREET, BRADFORD, PA.

SPECIAL BARGAIN SALE

From Friday, Feb. 10, to Saturday, Feb. 18, I offer the following goods at special cut prices to make room for spring goods.

50c fancy fleeced skirts to go at 39c.
50c colored knitted skirts at 39c.
$1.25 white fleeced night gowns, fancy embroidery collar at 98c.
Colored flannelette gowns at 42c.
A lot of good corsets at 39c, 59c, 79c.
50c leggings at 25c.
25c wool gloves at 19c.
50c wool gloves at 39c.
Children's 50c colored flannelette dresses 39c.
Boy's heavy flannel waists 39c.
Boys' navy blue sweaters 38c.
A few cloaks and furs left to go at cost. All millinery will be sold at cost.
Special bargain prices on all other goods.

MRS. A. E. HINMAN.

H. C. WELLS

THE LEADING PHARMACIST

SMETHPORT PA

WHICH?

By S. L. Tinsley

Copyright, 1904, by S. L. Tinsley

"You are not going out in all this rain, are you, Betty?"

"Why not?" Betty turned around slowly and looked at her mother.

"Why not? Why, because it is pouring—simply pouring!"

"Well, what of it? I'm not afraid of rain." And the young lady clasped her gloves with a snap, unfastened her umbrella and tripped out beneath the dripping skies.

Hardly two squares had been covered when Betty saw a young man coming toward her. Jack Winslow bowed, smiled and stopped. Betty blushed.

"Why, really, Jack, what tempted you out to wade?"

"What tempted Miss Betty away from her chocolates and novels?"

"Mr. Elfbind's new picture."

"Move that's just my excuse! Say we go together." Jack looked anxiously, wistfully, at his companion. Miss Betty blushed more deeply.

"Come along," said she. And together they walked down the street. Arriving at the art gallery, they hunted out the much talked of picture.

Several people were standing before it in silent admiration. The painting represented a room, seated in the foreground of which was the figure of a girl in a white gown. Her black hair was parted and arranged in soft, thick rolls on both sides of her fair, pale face. In her hand she held two roses, a red rose and a pink one. The troubled expression of her face told of perplexity. A question was to be solved, but the answer could not be found.

Betty clasped her hands with delight.

"Oh," she cried, "how perfectly beautiful it is! Oh, Jack, isn't she—isn't she just perfect?"

The young man smiled down upon the enthusiastic girl at his side.

"She is beautiful, but not perfect."

"Why not?"

Betty opened her eyes wide with amazement.

"Because," continued the young man, "she ought not to have any trouble in knowing whom she wants for her husband."

"Why not? One man might be rich and the other man poor. Don't you see the pink rose is small and pale, while the other rose is a full blown beauty of a rich velvety red."

Jack shook his head.

"Anyhow she should not hesitate for a moment. She should take the man she loves."

"And be poor and miserable all her life?" inquired Betty mischievously.

"Not miserable, but poor and happy, perfectly happy."

Jack Winslow was watching his companion's face. Betty laughed.

"Well," replied she, "perhaps you are right after all. Here comes Frank Carlyle."

A tall, slender young man walked leisurely up to Miss Betty's side and, bowing slightly to Jack, he turned toward the picture.

"Well," remarked he after a moment's silence, "she is in a fix, isn't she? Pink or red; it's down to a choice of a favorite color, it seems to me."

"Not at all," replied Jack testily. "Which does she love best?"

"Well"—Frank elevated his brows as though surprised—"isn't that about what I said? She has a chance to select her favorite now, and why doesn't she do it without so much trouble?"

Betty, who had been silently admiring the picture during the conversation, now turned again toward her companions.

"She is a girl you know?"

"Yes," replied both of the young men at the same time.

"A girl," continued Betty, "has to wonder sometimes whether she knows her own mind or not. Here are two men. Both are kind and attentive to the girl. Both offer her the best that he has to give. Both pay her the highest compliment that a man can pay to a woman, for each one in turn asks her to be his wife. Here on the one hand are riches, a life with every wish granted, a mother and father made comfortable, and a husband who loves you. If she does not love him, she respects and admires him. On the other hand are a life of everlasting economy, a home where there may always be the necessities of life, but very few of the luxuries, a father and mother who must continue in their same circumstances, a little trip now and then when there chances to be an excursion, and a husband who loves you, who denies himself for you and whom you in your turn love. Which shall it be?"

Without a moment's hesitation both of the young men answered. "The man you love."

Betty was twisting the chain of her satchel around her finger. She laughed and shook her head when she heard the answer.

"Well, I see that you are both as yet at the romantic age."

"Are you?"

Frank Carlyle looked down into the fair, sweet face close beside him. Betty looked at Jack Winslow. He was frowning. Then, turning her face once more toward Frank and looking mischievously sideways at Jack, she said, "Who knows?"

Frank laughed and looked at his watch.

"Half past 4," said he. "Well, I must be off. If you were going," looking first at Betty, then at Jack, "why, it's so beastly unpleasant I thought perhaps I might give you a lift in the carriage." Jack declined with thanks.

A deep dimple shadowed Betty's pink cheek for a moment. Then, looking demurely at Jack, she answered Frank's question.

"I would be ever so much obliged to you if you would just drop me at my door. Mother scolded because I came out, and it will appease her wrath somewhat to know that I came home without being touched by the rain."

Jack said nothing, but his face was very pale when Betty gave him her hand at the carriage door. Frank tried to coax him to change his mind, but Jack was firm, because Betty did not second the invitation. Just as the carriage door was about to be closed Betty leaned out.

"Oh, Mr. Winslow, I have decided to go to the Freeman dance Friday night." Then the carriage rolled away. When they arrived at Betty's home neither Frank Carlyle nor his companion saw the figure standing in the shadow of a tree on the opposite side of the street, and when Frank left Betty at the door and sprang again into his carriage Jack Winslow walked away with a sigh of relief.

"Anyway," murmured he, "she didn't ask him to come in."

Friday night and the Freeman ball came at last. Betty stood before her mirror looking at her reflection. The white moll gown, a gift from her aunt, who rarely gave her niece anything worth mentioning, was very becoming to the girl. She had arranged her hair after the style of Mr. Elfbind's famous picture, and she smiled as she looked at the change it made in her appearance.

"If I weren't pale, so pink and round I might look something like her, but she was pale and sad. Somehow I am not sad. I don't know why, but I feel happy, wonderfully happy."

Turning away from the mirror, she was just about to wrap herself in her cloak when her sister entered the room, carrying two narrow, white boxes. Betty dropped her cloak, took the boxes and, opening one of them, lifted out a deep, rich red rose, fresh and fragrant, proudly drooping its heavy head and filling the room with its odor. Betty examined the box, but there was no card. Laying the rose upon the table and turning to the other box, she lifted from its depths a long stemmed, half blown pink rose, delicate and yet wonderfully sweet. This rose was also without a card.

"How strange," murmured the girl, "that they should both have had the same idea!"

For a moment Betty stood silent. The two roses lay upon the table. Suddenly she heard her mother's voice calling to her that it was time to start. Wrapping her cloak about her, Betty turned and ran lightly down the stairs. A moment later the sound of carriage wheels rumbled along the street.

But the roses? There was only one rose now lying upon the table, only one, but its heavy perfume filled the whole room, and its heart glowed like a great ruby.

First European Almanac.

It is said that the first almanac printed in Europe was probably the Kalendarium Novum by Regiomontanus. It was "calculated for the years 1475, 1494 and 1513." In Budapest it was published. Though it simply made mention of eclipses and the places of the planets for the respective years, it was sold for 10 crowns of gold, and the entire impression was rapidly disposed of in Hungary, Germany, Italy, England and France.

The first almanac—recorded as the first—known to have been printed in England was translated from the French and appeared in 1497. Each month introduces itself in descriptive verse, as:

Called I am Janeryere, the colde
In Christmas season good fyre I love.
Yonge Jesu, that sometime Judas solde,
In me was circumcised for man's behove.
Three Kinges sought the sonne of God above;
They kneeled downe, dyd Him homage *with love*
To God, their Lorde, that is man's own brother.

And so on for the remaining months.

Not on Her Account.

Mary C., the six-year-old daughter of a Presbyterian clergyman in a small Georgia village, had a playmate, Jimmy by name, of whom it was her custom to make special mention in her evening prayer at her mother's knee. One evening, after some childish quarrel, Mrs. C. noticed that the boy's name was omitted from the petition and said, "Mary, aren't you going to pray for Jimmy tonight?"

"No, mother. He's a mean, hateful boy, and I'm never going to pray for him any more."

Her mother made no reply, not wishing to add fuel to the flame, and decided to allow the youthful conscience to work out the problem in its own way. In a few moments she heard the little girl climb out of bed, fall upon her knees and say in a tone of guarded indifference:

"God, you can bless Jimmy if you want to, but you needn't do it on my account."—Harper's Magazine.

A Muscular Minister.

A Kentucky senator tells of a good old Methodist minister in his state in the pioneer days who was a "muscular Christian."

"One day," says the senator, "after the parson had found it necessary to administer fistic punishment to several young toughs who persisted in disturbing the meeting at one of his churches which he served, one of his flock, noted as something of a hard hitter himself, got up in meeting and said:

"'It is a solemn duty of this here congregation to stand by Parson Johnson. He does not seek trouble, but he will not show the white feather when trouble is forced in his way. I believe that, unrestrained by divine grace, Parson Johnson can whip any man in Kentucky. The Lord is with him. Let us pray.'"

THE MINER and TRIBUNE FARMER one year for $1.25 IN ADVANCE.

What Shall We Have for Dessert?

The question arises in the family every day. Let us answer it to-day. Try Jell-O, a delicious and healthful dessert. Prepared in two minutes. No boiling, no baking; simply add boiling water and set to cool. Flavors:—Lemon, Orange, Raspberry and Strawberry. Get a package at your grocers to-day.

FASHIONING A CORK

FORMIDABLE KNIVES ARE NECESSARY IN THE PROCESS

The Heavy Blade Must Be Sharpened After Each Cork Is Made—How the Bark Is Sliced, Pared and Finished In a Big London Factory.

The proprietor of the cork cutting establishment was showing some of his customers through the extensive work shops, and because his customers betrayed symptoms of the interest they felt the cork merchant offered to give a demonstration of the whole process of turning the rough material into the finished article. First of all, there was the cork cutter's knife to be inspected—a formidable affair, with a heavy blade measuring about six inches across and with a bevel at least one inch wide. The center of the blade was very heavy, and the reason for so much weight was at once obvious as soon as the cutter proceeded to use the knife. Picking up a short length of cork, he held it firmly against a metal knob set into the side of a table; then, having introduced the sharp edge of the knife into the material, he threw the whole weight of his body against the handle and literally drove the blade through the cork. There was no sawing backward or forward, nothing but the steady pressure, yet so tremendously sharp was the blade that the knife pushed unceasingly forward, and in a moment or two the piece of cork lay in two fragments on the floor.

The wide beveled edge is necessary in order to prevent the cork from tearing, while the knife has to be heavily weighted to stand the strain of that amount of pressure. This knife has a small hole near the back about halfway down the blade; this is for the gauge, which is fastened on by means of a nut. The gauge is set according to the width of strips required—this width being the length of the finished cork and so insures each strip being cut the exact measurement. After the gauge has been set the workmen can cut up length after length of cork without further measuring, for the gauge, projecting over the back of the blade, runs along the freshly cut edge and thus causes the next cut to be parallel with the one last made. And the minutes was informed that the gauge could be set to the seventh part of an inch. When the cork had been cut into four narrow strips the cutter took up one of those same strips and, without altering the gauge on the knife, began dividing it into a number of little cubes. The first cuts to produce the long strips were made across the grain; the others ran with the grain. Those latter being the way of the finished cork.

"The grain must run down the article," explained the self constituted lecturer, "otherwise the cork would break in half. So first we cut across for the length of the cork, then we cut with the grain for the width of the cork. Now those little pieces are ready to be turned into the finished article."

Picking up one or two of the cubes, the cutter moved across the floor to where one of the machines was standing. "Don't put your fingers near the blade," he cautioned hastily. "There's nothing sharper than the blade of this knife. It's made of the very best and hardest steel there is." Then just as the auditors were about to murmur "Sheffield," he continued: "Made in France, that blade was. The very best steel there is." Curiously enough, this is also the case with the hairdressing trade. The best scissors are nowadays French ones.

Twenty-six inches of sharp blade were quite sufficient to scare away uninitiated fingers. "Nothing requires a sharper blade than cork cutting. It must be absolutely perfect, or the stuff is torn, and if that blade goes wrong it takes me one complete day to grind it into order again. A very hard day's work it is too."

"How do you manage to keep it sharp?" asked one of the party. The man laughed.

"It is ground after each cork is cut," he replied. "If not, the second cork would be perceptibly inferior to the first one."

So much sharpening seemed to imply a vast amount of labor until he pointed to a couple of small dark wheels fixed to the machine in such a manner that the blade passed along them each time it was drawn back. These small wheels were of the finest possible emery and automatically ground the blade after every cork in turn. No oil was used at all, so he explained, and he then proceeded to demonstrate the working of the machine. Pushing a wide basket close to the other side of the machine, he took up his position on the left hand side, drew a tray of pieces of cork to him, and, selecting a short length, set it against a small wheel which was placed almost against the blade and at right angles to it. Then he pressed with his foot upon a treadle, and instantly a short point moved forward, pressing on to the other end of the piece of cork and thus holding it against the wheel.

When secured between these two, he removed his fingers, grasped the upright handle of the long blade and pushed it steadily forward, and in the twinkling of an eye the piece of rough cork had assumed a familiar aspect. The pressure of the blade against the cork caused the little wheel (and with it, of course, the cork) to revolve, and in its turn this same spinning allowed the knife to cut evenly all the way around the cork. By the time the blade had been pushed to the farthest extremity of the machine the cork had been neatly pared all around. Then the treadle was released and the cork rolled away with a final spin into the basket awaiting it on the other side. It was also shown that the machine can be set to produce any taper desired.

But the most curious part of the trade was explained when one of the audience, catching sight of a basketful of old corks, demanded the reason of their presence. From the cork merchant's account it appeared that a large trade is done in remodeling old corks—that is to say, those used for wine bottles are bought in immense quantities, cut down by the machine into a smaller size and sold to the publicans for stopping pint bottles. Having once had the corkscrews through them they are useless for anything else, and, indeed, there would be a heavy fine for selling them to chemists, with whom a large proportion of the cork trade is carried on, but they are used for temporarily stopping the pint bottles taken out of the public houses by children under fourteen years of age.

The act requires these bottles to be securely fastened down, and so sealed the old corks are afforded a new lease of life. For this purpose not only is the old cork put on the machine and reduced all the way round, but a thin slice is taken off the top and bottom as well. This remodeling of second hand corks is piecework and paid for as follows: One and one-half pence per gross for each of the two cuts and 1½ pence per gross for the machine work. Thus explained the merchant, he had to pay 3½ pence a gross in wages, and the corks are sold at the rate of six pence a gross to the publicans. Out of the remaining 2½ pence he must not only pay these old corks, but also find a profit. Of course it is possible to work up an enormous number of corks in a day, for the work is never checked. Backward and forward runs the knife blade, the forward movement cuts the cork, the reverse one grinding it in preparation for the next stroke, and the cutter feeds the machine with the left hand, while never releasing his hold on the handle with the right.

Some one suggested the possibility of increasing the speed by machinery, but at that the cutter shook his head. Considering the extraordinary sharpness of the blade and the dangerous proximity to the fingers when the cork was put into position, he himself would take no risk of that nature, so he averred.

As it was, his instinct told him when anything was amiss, and without stopping to think or reason over the matter he would check the blade at once, but to have a twenty-six inch blade of steel moving by machinery—he would rather be excused. It was heavy work certainly, alternately pushing and pulling that blade for hours at a stretch, but unless a strictly automatic feed could be arranged to the machine it would ruin the cork cutting business into a fearfully dangerous employment.

The best priced corks are the tiny ones sold to the chemists for the ends of hypodermic tubes—minute little atoms that can be cut out of almost any scrap of cork, always provided it is of the best quality. There are not many cutters who can do such fine work.—London Globe.

The Xevie Free and Frozen.

Both a blessing and a curse to St. Petersburg is the river Neva. Upon its banks the most magnificent palaces are erected. The numerous islands are parks or pleasure grounds of the people and are filled with resorts that are thronged during both the winter and summer months. There is only one permanent bridge, the remaining being so constructed that they can be removed when the stream freezes over, as it usually does in November, when the teams and pedestrians pass over on the ice till April. The Jockey club holds its race meetings on the ice.

But when the spring thaw comes or when a strong northwesterly wind blows the water in from the sea several days in succession there is great danger of flood, for the city is not more than four feet above the mean level of the river. When a flood is coming the inhabitants are warned by the firing of guns. Ice jams are removed by dynamite, and the army is ordered out with axes. There is no way to prevent the floods that come with the winds.

"Science" In Everything.

There is much confusion in the popular mind as to the application of such terms as science, scientific, scientifically. A young gentleman from the university lately assured me that cricket is played more scientifically than formerly and that there is a premium of 5 per cent in favor of scientific batsmen as compared with ordinary good play.

A writer in a chess magazine refers to the royal game as "a science, and an exact science too." In a match at draughts the champion was said to have brought so much science to bear upon this play as to make thirty-one drawn games before one won game was scored. In the palmy days of the prize ring "the Pet of the Fancy" was said to display more science than "Ben the Bruiser."

In my younger days I visited Rosherville gardens, where a man dressed in Lincoln green offered me bow and arrows and invited me to shoot at a mark, observing that "archery is a pleasing science."—Notes and Queries.

Courtship in Shakespeare's England.

In Shakespeare's England courtship was not the prolonged and romantic affair it is now. The young folks did not make and unmake engagements as they pleased without consulting their parents. The etiquette of betrothal was almost as formal and as rigid as that of marriage is today. It consisted of three observances—the joining of hands, a kiss and interchange of rings, all in presence of witnesses and usually in church. The man had to promise under oath to "take this woman whose name is N. to wife within forty days." It is needless to say that under such circumstances—engagements never lasting as much as six weeks, partners usually chosen by the parents, marriages at the age of fourteen and honeymoon trips unknown—there was much less opportunity than there is now for the development of romantic love.—Henry T. Finck in Harper's Magazine.

THE MINER and Tri-Weekly Tribune one year for $1.75 IN ADVANCE.

SOME FOOLISH PEOPLE

Allow a cold to run until it gets beyond the reach of medicine. They often say, "Oh it will wear away," but in most cases it will wear them away. Could they be induced to try the successful medicine called Kemp's Balsam, which is sold on a positive guarantee to cure, they would immediately see the excellent effect after taking the first dose. Price 25c and 50c. Trial size free. At all druggists.

Official Directory

STATE.

Governor—Samuel W. Pennypacker.
Lieutenant Governor—W. M. Brown.
State Treasurer—Frank G. Harris.
Auditor General—E. E. Hardenbergh.
Sec'y of Internal Affairs—I. B. Brown

DISTRICT AND COUNTY.

President Judge—Joseph W. Bouton, Smethport.
Member of Congress—S. R. Dresser, Bradford.
State Senator—Myron Matson, Bradford.
Members of Assembly—J. W. Campbell, Kane; J. M. McElroy, Bradford.
District Attorney—John P. Melvin, Bradford, Pa.
Sheriff—Charles E. Mays, Morrisons.
Prothonotary—S. F. Bell, Smethport.
Recorder—H. H. Choate, Smethport.
Register—J. B. Eastman, Smethport.
Clerk of Courts—W. H. Morrison, Smethport.
County Treasurer—S. D. Weaver, Smethport.
Commissioners—Geo. Griffiths, Kane; J. A. Patterson, Bradford; W. F. Walsh, Smethport.
Comm'rs' Clerk—A. B. Walker, Bradford.
Jury Commissioners—S. M. Love, Rixford and Leon Curtis, Farmers Valley.
Auditors—Oscar Engstrom, Smethport; B. G. Burtle, Port Allegany; James Devlin, Bradford.
Coroner—B. H. Hall, M. D., Bradford.
County School Superintendent—J. E. Myers, Smethport.

BOROUGH.

Burgess—Charles McKean.
Council—W. A. Ostrander, president; Mrs. Leon Byde, secretary; Chas. Johnson, J. W. Voorhies, N. D. Barker, J. F. Rooney, James Berrihill, J. C. Cunningham.
Justices—B. G. Applebee, G. Gleason.
Constable—E. W. Jones.
High Constable—Andrew Ness.
School Directors—D. C. Young, president; J. N. Abbott, treas.; Sherman Gordon, sec'y; W. F. Specht, C. M. Colegrove, John Clark.
Collector—R. V. Gleason.
Assessor—C. H. Freeman.
Auditors—L. C. Chase, A. H. Kidder.
Judge of Election—G. G. Gayle.
Inspectors of Election—A. Swanson, C. H. Burlingame.

Lodge Directory.

F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge, No. 388, meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month, at 7:30 o'clock p. m. at Masonic Hall, Main street.

GUY B. MAYO, W. M.
W. F. SPECHT, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. 389, meets Friday evenings at 8:00 o'clock in I. O. O. F. Hall. Will work (unless degree first meeting of each month; 1st degree on second; 2nd degree on third, and 3rd degree on fourth meetings.

W. E. FUNCHEON, N. G.
W. G. HOLDER, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Encampment, No. 223, meets the first and third Wednesdays of each month in I. O. O. F. Hall.

S. J. SWANSON, Chief Patriarch.
H. M. CHOATE, Scribe.

G. A. R.—McKean Post, No. 227, meets first Thursday evening of each month, at 7 p. m. in the Odd Fellows Hall.

H. L. BURLINGAME, Com.
H. M. CHOATE, Adjutant.

W. R. C.—Meets every Thursday afternoon at I. O. O. F. Hall.

MRS. ADELL GRIGSBY, Pres't.
MRS. ROSE PEIRCE, Sec'y.

A. O. U. W.—Smethport Lodge, No. 182, meets Tuesday evenings of each month in Kerns Hall.

Z. D. GIFFORD, M. W.
J. C. GALLUP, Recorder.

K. O. T. M.—Smethport Tent, No. 9, meets every second and fourth Tuesday evenings at 7:30 in I. O. O. F. Hall.

A. H. KIDDER, Com.
W. H. MORRISON, R. K.

L. O. T. M.—Broken Bitter, No. 18, meets in I. O. O. F. Hall, Thursday afternoons.

MINNIE E. PIERCE, Com.
LIZZIE F. HAINES, R. K.

N. M. B. A.—Smethport Branch, No. 53, meets second and fourth Wednesdays of each month at W. C. T. U. Hall, Backus block, at 7:30 p. m.

JAMES LYNCH, Pres't.
THOMAS CLARK, Rec. Sec'y.

W. C. T. U.—Meets every alternate Wednesday at 2 p. m. in the M. E. Church.

Miss. JANE N. FINCHER, Pres.
Mrs. MARY E. RICHMOND, Sec'y.

P. H. C.—Smethport Branch, No. 25, meets on every Tuesday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall.

C. M. COLEGROVE, Pres.
CLARA BURLINGAME Sec'y.

Phoenix Chapter No. 145, O. E. S.—Meets first and third Thursdays in each month in Odd Fellows' Hall.

Miss MAY CHOATE, W. M.
Mrs. ROSE MALCOLM, Sec'y.

I. O. R. M.—Meets every Monday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall. Adoption degree 1st Monday; Warrior's degree 2nd Monday; Chief's degree 3rd Monday.

A. A. ABBEY, S.
L. K. HOGARTH, C. of R.

Churches

Methodist Episcopal—Gaylord B. Patterson, Ph. D., pastor. Class Meeting, Sunday at 10 a. m. Preaching at 10:30 a. m. Sunday School at 11:45 a. m. Junior League at 4 p. m. Epworth League at 6:30 p. m. Preaching at 7:30 p. m. General prayer meeting Thursday at 7:30 p. m.

Episcopal.—J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:45 p. m. Additional service at 8 a. m., except on first Sunday of each month. Sunday School at 9:30 a. m.

All Saint's Memorial Chapel.—East Smethport—Rev. J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Divine services every Sunday at 2:45 p. m. Sunday School 3:30 p. m. The Ladies Guild meets every Friday at 10 a. m.

St. Elizabeth Catholic Church.—Rev. P. Cosgrove, Pastor. Mass at 11 a. m. Service at 11:30 a. m. Sunday School at 3 p. m. Services on each Sunday.

First Baptist Church.—P. S. Calvin, Pastor. Preaching each Sunday at 11:00 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday School at 10 a. m. Junior Endeavor at 3 p. m. Senior Endeavor at 6:30 p. m. Prayer meeting each Wednesday evening at 7:30. Ladies' Aid Society meets each Friday afternoon in the church building. Women's Missionary Circle meets the first Tuesday evening in each month. The pastor preaches in the East Smethport Chapel each Sunday afternoon at 2:30. All are invited. Seats free.

TRAVELER'S GUIDE

Pennsylvania RAILROAD

BUFFALO AND ALLEGHENY VALLEY DIVISION.

Time Table—Taking effect Nov. 27, 1904.

TRAINS LEAVE SMETHPORT.

For Clermont, Ridgway, DuBois and Pittsburg:

Train 122, week days . . . 10:10 a. m.

For—Larrabee, Port Allegany, Coudersport and points Olean, Buffalo and points north:

Train 123, week days . . . 4:01 p. m.

PHILADELPHIA & ERIE DIVISION TIME TABLE.

TRAINS LEAVE EMPORIUM JUNCTION EASTWARD.

8:20 a. m.—Train 12, week days, for Sunbury, Wilkesbarre, Scranton, Hazleton, Pottsville, Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 6:25 p. m., New York 9:30 p. m., Baltimore 6:00 p. m., Washington 7:15 p. m. Pullman Parlor car from Williamsport to Philadelphia, and passenger coaches from Kane to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Baltimore and Washington.

12:25 p. m.—Train 8, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and principal intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 7:32 p. m., New York 10:25 p. m., Baltimore 7:20 p. m., Washington 8:35 p. m. Vestibuled parlor cars and passenger coaches, Buffalo to Philadelphia and Washington.

3:23 p. m.—Train 6, daily, for Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 1:25 a. m., New York 4:13 a. m., Baltimore 2:20 a. m., Washington 3:30 a. m. Pullman sleeping cars from Harrisburg to Philadelphia and New York. Philadelphia passengers can remain in sleeper undisturbed until 7:30 a. m.

10:35 p. m.—Train 4, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and intermediate stations arriving at Philadelphia 7:12 a. m., New York 9:33 a. m., week days (7:38 a. m. Sundays) Baltimore 7:15 a. m., Washington 8:20 a. m. Pullman sleeping cars from Erie and Williamsport to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Washington and passenger cars from Erie to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Baltimore.

12:20 a. m.—Train 14, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and principal intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 7:17 a. m., New York 9:33 a. m. week days, (10:38 a. m. Sundays) Baltimore 7:22 a. m., Washington 8:40 a. m. Vestibuled Buffet sleeping cars and passenger coaches, Buffalo to Philadelphia and Washington.

WESTWARD.

5:16 a. m.—Train 9, daily, for Erie, Ridgway and weekdays DuBois, Clermont and intermediate stations.

10:25 a. m.—Train 3, daily for Erie and week days for DuBois and intermediate stations.

6:20 p. m.—Train 61, week days, for Kane and intermediate stations.

Weekdays.

NORTH A M	Lv	STATIONS.	Ar	SOUTH P M
2:20		Ridgway		11 50
2:30		Johnsonburg		11 30
2:50		Glen Hazel		11:15
2:55		Straight		11:04
3:12		Instanter		10:53
3:20		Shippy's Run		10:52
3:29		Woodvale		10:45
3:35		Clermont		10:40
P M				A M

Connections are made with train 3, leaving Johnsonburg at 11:47 a. m. for Erie and intermediate points, arriving at Erie at 3:50 p. m., and at Ridgway with train 206, leaving Ridgway 12:01 p. m. for DuBois, Red Bank, Pittsburg and intermediate points and train 6, leaving Ridgway at 2:20 p. m. for Philadelphia, New York, Baltimore and Washington.

W. W. ATTERBURY, General Manager. J. R. WOOD, Pass. Traffic Mgr.
GEO. W. BOYD, Gen'l Passenger Agent

Buffalo, Bradford & Kane Railway.

Time Table in Effect June 19th, 1904, Eastern Time.

Trains leave Smethport as follows:

8:00 a. m.—Daily except Sunday for Ormsby, Simpson, Davis, Aiken, Kinzua Jct., Bradford, Mt. Jewett, Kane and intermediate points, connecting at Bradford with trains on Erie R. R. for all points East and West, and at Kane with B. & O. R. R. for Nansen, Marienville, Clarion, Foxburg, Butler, Allegheny and intermediate, and with trains on P. & E. division, Pennsylvania R. R.

10:15 a. m.—Daily except Sunday for Ormsby, Bradford, Mt. Jewett, Kane and intermediate points, connecting at Bradford with trains on Erie R. R.

5:10 p. m.—Daily except Sunday for Ormsby, Bradford, Mt. Jewett, Kane and intermediate points, connecting at Bradford with trains on Erie R. R., East and West, and B. R. & P. Ry. for Harrisburg, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington.

6:15 p. m.—Saturdays only, for Ormsby, Simpson, Davis, Aiken, Kinzua Junction and Bradford.

Trains arrive from Bradford, Kane, Mt. Jewett and intermediate points daily except Sunday at 9:30 a. m., and at 8:30 a. m. Saturdays only, and at 12:30 p. m. daily except Sunday.

For folders and full information address the agents, or

H. H. Gardiner, Gen'l Pass. Agent, Kane, Pa.
A. B. Campbell, Gen'l Supt., Bradford, Pa.

The Pittsburg, Shawmut & Northern

In Effect Nov. 15th, 1903.

Trains leave Smethport as follows:

7:00 a. m.—For Mt. Jewett (arr. 7:30 a. m.) connecting with P. R. & P. Ry. for Johnsonburg (arr. 9:20 a. m.); Ridgway (arr. 9:30 a. m.); DuBois (arr. 10:45 a. m.) and Punxsutawney (arr. 11:00 a. m.).

9:01 a. m.—for Eldred (arr. 9:30 a. m.); Olean (arr. 10:25 a. m.); connecting with P. R. R. for Buffalo (arr. 12:35 p. m.).

12:02 noon for Clermont (arr. 12:25 p. m.); St. Marys (arr. 1:15 p. m.); Shawmut (arr. 4:22 p. m.) and Brockwayville (arr. 4:57 p. m.).

3:20 p. m.—for Eldred (arr. 3:50 p. m.); Olean (arr. 4:40 p. m.); connecting with P. R. R. for Buffalo (arr. 6:40 p. m.); Bolivar (arr. 4:27 p. m.); Friendship (arr. 4:36 p. m.); Angelica (arr. 4:32 p. m.); Rochesterville (arr. 5:56 p. m.); Wayland (arr. 7:05 p. m.), connecting with D. L. & W. for all points east.

Trains arrive—9:01—From Mt. Jewett with connections from Kane, 9:30 a. m.—From Olean and Brockwayville, Shawmut, St. Marys and Clermont, 12:02 noon—From Bornellsville, Wayland, Angelica, Friendship, Bolivar and Olean 3:35 p. m.—From Mt. Jewett with connections from B. R. & P., 7:22 p. m.—From Olean and Eldred.

N. B.—All trains daily except Sunday.

A. M. LANE, General Supt. St. Marys, Pa.
C. J. RENWICK, Gen. Pass. Agt.

COUDERSPORT & PORT ALLEGANY

Railroad Time Table, taking effect Monday, March 18, 1901.

Ar. Eastward. A.M.	A.M.	STATIONS. P.M.	Lv Westward. Dp A.M.	P.M.	A.M.
8:05	7:05	2.10	Ulysses	7.20	2.25
7:50	6.53	2.10	Crowell	7.22	2.22
7.46	0	1.57	Carpenter	0	2.34
7.40	6.48	1.53	Perkins	7.32	2.37
7.37	6.45	1.50	New'fld Junc	7.37	2.42
0	0	1.45	Newfield	7.41	2.46
7.05	6.36	1.41	Gold	7.44	2.49
7.00	6.30	1.35	Raymond	7.49	2.53
6.55	6.21	1.24	Seven Bdg's	8.01	3.06
6.40	6.12	1.20	Colburn	8.04	3.09
6.25	6.10	1.12	Frinks	8.12	3.17
6.15	0	1.05	N. Conds'pt	0	3.25
6.10	6.00	1.00	Dp. Ar.	8.25	3.30
A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	Coudersport.		P.M.
4.20	7.45	12.15	Ar. Dp.	8.28	6.00
0	0	12.13	Hammond	0	0
4.05	7.38	12.09	Olmsted	8.33	6.03
3.52	7.35	12.03	Mina	8.37	6.10
3.45	0	11.59	Knowlton	0	6.17
3.40	7.25	11.55	Roulette	8.47	6.21
3.30	7.16	11.47	Burtville	8.54	6.28
3.25	0	11.44	Coleman	0	6.34
3.20	0	0	Chem. Works	0	0
3.15	7.05	11.16	Pt. Allegany	9.08	6.40
P.M.	P.M.	A.M.	Dp Ar.	A.M.	P.M.

0—Trains do not stop.

Connections at Ulysses with N. Y. C. & H. R. R. at Port Allegany with W. N. Y. & P. Ry. and at Newfield Junction with D. L. & W. R. R.

Trains run on eastern standard time.

B. A. M'CLURE, Supt.

THE NEW YORK WORLD

THRICE-A-WEEK EDITION.

Almost a Daily at the Price of a Weekly.

The Presidential campaign is over but the world goes on just the same and it full of news, just as it is—promptly and impartially—all that you have to do is to look in the columns of the Thrice-a Week Edition of the New York World which comes to the subscriber 156 times a year.

The Thrice-a-Week World's diligence as a publisher of first news has given it circulation where the English language is spoken—and you want it.

The Thrice-a-Week World's regular subscription price is only $1.00 per year. We offer this unequalled newspaper and the MINER together one year for $1.65.

The regular subscription price of the World is one dollar.

With the Aid Of Whittier

By OTHO B. SENGA

Copyright, 1904, by Otho B. Senga

"Aren't you glad you came, Malcolm?"

The girl's voice was sweet and joyous, and she looked with a bright smile into her companion's somewhat gloomy face.

"I suppose you've been very happy here, Winifred," avoiding a direct reply.

"Indeed I have," enthusiastically. "They've been the four happiest years of my life. Weren't the class day exercises beautiful?"

"Very pretty, Winifred," absently.

His gaze was fixed on the laughing throng—the easy, debonair young men in evening clothes, the girls with their white dresses and fluttering ribbons, flitting about like gay colored butterflies beneath the swinging Japanese lanterns, congratulating, chatting, moving on again in seemingly endless procession.

"What is the matter, Malcolm? Did you think it was silly—the daisy chain?"

"No, Winifred, I thought it all very interesting, and you girls in your white gowns looked very beautiful."

"But there is something, Malcolm," persisted the girl, "and you haven't said that you are glad that you came. It is a long journey to take just to attend the graduation of—of an old friend, and I'd like to feel that you are glad you came. You do not act as if you are happy."

"I am glad I came, Winifred, for I've learned many things, but I can't truthfully say that the knowledge makes me happy."

The cluster of roses at the girl's breast trembled like things endowed with sentient life, but the girl only said gently, "Well?"

"It is not well," he answered in a voice harsh with repressed emotion, "not for me. When you left Bloomington four years ago we were engaged—a tentative sort of an engagement, I admit, which your parents allowed because they knew that with your disposition opposition would only make you more determined and be the eyes of the ambitious matron this young man's standing was very far from the heights for which she had destined her beautiful daughter. She had forgotten the day twenty-five years ago when she had given her hand to the young carpenter whose yearly earnings then would scarcely have sufficed to purchase one of the rings she wore now upon her plump white fingers.

"Let us walk in the other direction," said the girl calmly. "I do not care to go with mamma just now—and I think," she added naively, "mamma will enjoy herself better if she doesn't find me."

"You're good to stay with me at all, Winifred," said the young fellow brokenly, "and I'm a brute to intimate anything savoring of a lack of respect for your parents, but your mother told me this morning that she meant to take you abroad next year; that there was no need of a girl with your beauty and brains marrying a mere American, especially since your Uncle Joshua's death had made your father a millionaire."

"Poor Uncle Joshua!" sighed the girl tenderly.

"Buying a title with your beauty and your father's money!" hotly. "It made me terribly angry, Winifred. I know how unworthy I am, and I am going to give you up. But to think of your being snatched away"—

The girl laughed a low, sweet laugh of infectious merriment.

"Malcolm, you are too funny! It is just as you were when we were children. You are willing to give away your cooky, but you won't have some one come up and grab it."

"I suppose I don't say things right, Winifred. I haven't a college education, you know"—the hurt showing in face and voice—"I'm not willing to give you up, but I'm going to—for your own happiness. You will meet many other men far more worthy of you than a rough farmer like me. But, oh, Winifred, there'll never be any one who can love you more than I do! Winifred, Winifred!"

He made no attempt to touch her. On the contrary, he drew farther away, as if to emphasize the gulf he felt must lie between them.

For a few minutes neither spoke; then the girl said gently and with seeming irrelevance: "Malcolm, do you recall Whittier's idyl of Beaucamp Water? You recited it once in school."

"I have forgotten. What was it like, Winifred?" She evidently wants to leave an unwelcome subject as soon as possible, he thought, cut to the quick by her seeming indifference.

"One stanza has a particular bearing on the present situation," she said slowly after a pause.

His heart thrilled at her voice, but his treacherous memory gave him no clew to her meaning.

"Could you repeat the stanza, Winifred?"

Her face paled, then flushed painfully, but she looked bravely up into the somber face and repeated with quivering lips:

"Nor frock nor tan can hide the man,
And see you not, my farmer,
How weak and fond a woman waits
Behind the silken armor?"

Back from his schoolboy days came the next line, and he caught her in his arms with a low cry of happiness.

"Is the next true, Winifred? Can you say that, too?" he whispered.

"It has always been true," she answered softly. "The years have made no change in my heart, and I love you."

"BUYING A TITLE WITH YOUR BEAUTY AND YOUR FATHER'S MONEY."

Ideals and Home Life.

A point was well made by Mr. Edward Howard Griggs at the conclusion of a lecture on "How to Attain Our Ideals." He had paused for questions from the audience, and one man said something to this effect: "Yes, these are very fine things you have been saying to us. Those of us who can see at all what you mean are eager to bring it into realization. But we are often terribly hampered. What can you say—what hope have you to offer—to a woman who, herself capable of holding these ideals, is tied to a man who is utterly incapable of any higher conception than that of bodily comfort?"

"You have touched," said Mr. Griggs, "upon a tragedy so profound that I have no words in which to answer you." A silence fell upon the great audience. Presently he broke it: "But this I can suggest, that very often those who most quickly and intensely grasp ideals are unwilling to take the necessary steps to realize them. There are orderly means to the attainment of every ideal. It is never reached at a bound. Only by patiently establishing each step before it goes on to the next can the human spirit reach its goal."—Marion Foster Washburne in Harper's Bazar.

Old English Gardening.

It is a little curious to think that even as far back as the middle ages a great quantity of "garden stuff" was imported into England from the continent. Although our ancestors were famous in those days for their salads and greens, they knew nothing about the cultivation of edible roots until the reign of Henry VIII. Up to then such things as carrots, turnips and artichokes were sent from Flanders, and special messengers were sometimes dispatched to bring back supplies for the royal table. Among the green vegetables most popular in Tudor days was "Good King Henry" or "Mercury Gooseloot." Those who would like to have a really old fashioned vegetable in their gardens are advised to try "Good King Henry." Nothing could be easier to grow, and as it is a perennial plant there is little or no trouble connected with it after it has once been put in the ground. The young leaves are used in the same way as spinach, making an acceptable, mild flavored dish, and the young shoots are cut under the ground and served up like asparagus.—London Chronicle.

ANTLERS VERSUS HORNS.

How Elks Shed and Renew Their Wonderful Weapons.

How many persons among the many thousands that annually visit our zoological parks realize as they pause to admire the noble bucks of the deer family, particularly the wapiti or American elk, that their branching antlers are cast off annually and renewed and well hardened within the short period of seven months?

Before describing the manner in which elk shed their antlers I should like to explain the difference between "antlers" and "horns." All the members of the deer family—the moose, caribou, elk (in Europe the animal which we call moose is known as elk) and smaller deer—possess antlers, while the appendages on the heads of goats, sheep, cattle and the like are known as horns and with one exception—the American antelope or prongborn—are retained by their owners throughout life.

Elk shed their antlers about the 1st of February, though much depends upon the locality and upon the age and health of the animal. It often happens that one antler is carried several days after the other has been dropped. The new antlers push off the old ones, and when they appear they resemble scars on the animal's forehead, but soon take the form of two black velvet buttons about the size of silver dollars. As they continue to grow they gain in length only, and by the 1st of July they have attained their full size. If you could examine them now, you would find them soft, rather flexible, nourished by blood and incased in a thick, tough skin covered with velvety fur. The antlers are now "in the velvet," as the hunters term it, a most critical period for the owner, who seems to realize it, for he is careful to avoid contact with anything liable to injure them. Should an accident happen and the skin get broken or the antler disfigured it might result in the elk's bleeding to death or in his carrying a deformed antler until the following February. Through a process of nature the blood vessels that have fed the antlers are shut off about the middle of July, and then they begin to harden. A few weeks later the elk may be seen rubbing them against trees or thrashing them about in the brush while endeavoring to rid them of the velvet, and in a few days it hangs in shreds and soon disappears entirely. The elk is now lord of the forest and is ready to combat with his rivals or enemies.—St. Nicholas.

Which Came First?

The old problem of which came first, the hen or the egg, found a rival in a discussion at the Players' club one day as to which came first, writers or readers.

"If there were no readers, there certainly would be no writers," said Mr. John Malone. "Therefore the existence of writers depends upon the existence of readers, and, of course, as the cause must be antecedent to the effect, readers existed before writers. Yet, on the other hand, if there were no writers there could be no readers, so it should appear that writers must be antecedent to readers."

Another member of the club asserted that this reasoning was much on a par with the discovery of Lucretius that eyes were not made to see with, but by a fortuitous concurrence of atoms sight followed as an unforeseen circumstance.

He argued that, if eyes were made to see with, then seeing must have existed before eyes, and, if seeing existed before eyes, what could be the use of eyes? If seeing did not exist before eyes, how could eyes be made for that which is not—that is, for nothing? Therefore eyes were not made to see with.—New York Herald.

Andrew Lang on Dogs.

There is not one of the seven deadly sins of which the dog is not habitually guilty, and I am unaware of a single redeeming feature in his repulsive character.

The self consciousness and vanity of dogs might disgust even a minor poet. I have known a collie—certainly a very handsome collie—to pass his days in contemplating his own image in the glass. I know a dog dandy which actually makes eyes, being conscious that he possesses these organs very large, brown and decorative.

The dog is not brave. The dog is not faithful. It needs a great deal of fidelity in man to cling as he does to the dog, licking, as it were, the paw—the muddy paw—which tramples him.

Who has not seen a dog morally corrupt a family, reducing them to the slaves of his impulses? Tip wants to take a walk! Tip wants to go out of the door, then he wants to come in again, then he appears at the window and scratches, then he fancies the most comfortable armchair and ousts a jaded and middle aged man of letters.—Illustrated Kennel News.

Beecher's Remedy

The man who can see both ways that a rule works, even if one way may point against himself, is broad minded and pretty sure to possess the great saving sense of humor. Such a man was Henry Ward Beecher, and the Buffalo Commercial quotes the following as an instance of his fairness:

A country clergyman called on the great minister and asked his advice about what to do with persons who go to sleep in church, something which had become quite prevalent in his congregation. Mr. Beecher listened very attentively, admitted that it was serious and then said:

"When I first came to Plymouth church I thought about this problem, and I will tell you the course I decided upon. I gave the sexton strict orders that if he saw any person asleep in my congregation he should go straight to the pulpit and wake up the minister."

Mother For John Philip

By Harriet G. Canfield

Copyright, 1904, by Harriet G. Canfield

John Philip Brown sat up very straight at his end of the breakfast table. Mrs. Rachel Noah, at the other end, could not see his little bare feet playing tag beneath the table.

"Aunt Rachel looks just like my chicken hawk—anyways she would if he wore spit curls," he said to himself, with a little chuckle. "I bet"— But John Philip's bet was never recorded, for Susan appeared just then, red and giggling.

Mrs. Noah stared at her reprovingly. "I did not ring," she said sternly.

"No'm, I know you didn't, but she—she's here, an' "—

"She? Take your apron down from your mouth and talk connectedly. Who is here?"

"Columbia—Columbia Farley. She says that's her name, ma'am, an' she's from the Orphians' home—a little mite of a thing, an' that funny!" Here Susan retired again behind her apron.

"What does she want?" Mrs. Noah asked grimly.

"Well, ma'am," Susan exploded, "she wants to stay!"

"Stay?" her mistress repeated blankly, while John Philip, unreproved, squirmed with delight. Here was something doing at last.

"Yes'm," Susan went on, "she's had her eye on this house, she says, for a long time, but it wa'n't till this mornin', that she decided she'd live with you. She's a-settin' on her satchel out in the kitchen."

Mrs. Noah fairly snorted with astonishment and indignation. "Much obliged to her, I'm sure," she said sarcastically, "and may I ask what decided her in our favor?"

"It was John Philip, ma'am," Susan said, choking with laughter, "she—she says she wants to be a mother to him."

John Philip's face matched his hair in color now; even the freckles took on a livelier red. "Cousarn he!" he said under his breath.

"Any more?" his aunt asked, with the air of one prepared for the worst.

"Yes'm," she asked what your name was, an' when I said Mrs. Noah' she was that surprised. She said she'd heard about you an' Mr. Noah at Sunday school, but she had no idee you was livin' yet."

"Anything more? My oatmeal is getting cold. Don't stand there giggling like an idiot."

"She wondered how old you was, ma'am, an' when I said I didn't know she thought she could tell by lookin' at your teeth, like the hired man at the home done when he bought a horse."

A great wave of color rolled over Mrs. Noah's face and broke on the beach of "spit curls" outlining her high forehead. "Bring her in," she said, closing her thin lips tightly over her "sture" teeth.

Susan disappeared and a moment later ushered "Columbia Farley" into the august presence of her mistress. She was truly "a mite of a thing," with great dark eyes and a most engaging smile.

"How do you do, Mrs. Noah?" she said, holding out her hand in a quaint, old fashioned way. To John Philip's surprise, his aunt took the little hand in hers.

"So you'd like to live here?" she said not unkindly.

"Yes, awful well. Don't you need me?" she asked naively.

"I think not," Mrs. Noah said, very gently for her, "and, besides, I couldn't take you without the consent of the matron at the home."

"Oh, she won't care!" the little girl exclaimed eagerly. "There's too many of us now and"—

"Well," Mrs. Noah interrupted, "you can stay to breakfast, and then I'll go with you to the home." The child had crept thus quickly into a warm corner of the grim lady's heart.

She was eating her oatmeal when John Philip's father came down to breakfast and asked so kindly, "Whose little girl is this?" that Columbia's heart went out to him then and there.

"I don't know," she said simply in reply to his question. "They ain't found out yet at the home, but I know how old I am. I'm going on seven. I'm little, but maybe I'd do for him"—she nodded cheerily at John Philip—"till he got a really, truly one."

"A really, truly what?" Mr. Brown asked smilingly.

"Why, a mother, of course. I learned how to be one from Mis' Jones. She has eight children. She lives near the home. You just help 'em be good, and they will, 'cause you love 'em so. It's awful nice to have a mother," she said wistfully. "I asked Tommy Jones if he didn't think so, and he said, 'Sure thing!'"

John Philip tried to scowl, but his forehead refused to pucker, and when his father said, "Shall we let her adopt you, son?" he laughed outright. "We—we—might give her a try," he stammered.

And so it happened that Columbia Farley entered the Brown family "on probation" and later was taken into "full membership."

It was on a Saturday morning, a month or more after Columbia had been received into full membership, that the children were playing together in the garden.

"I guess I'll go wadin' this afternoon," John Philip announced. "Aunt Rachel would just worry if I told her, and daddy won't be home for lunch, so I can't ask him."

"I'm 'fraid you'll be drown-ded, dear," the little mother said anxiously (John Philip did not object to "dearing" in private), "an' I don't believe you'd better go."

"Pooh!" John Philip rejoined. "You ain't my mother. I ain't had a mother since I was born."

"No," she sighed, "if you had a really truly one I guess you'd have to mind. Your father might get you one."

John Philip grinned. "He's too busy," he said, "but I know one I'd like to get. Last summer we was down at Cove inlet three weeks—daddy an' me—an' there was a jolly nice girl there, an' we liked her awful well—daddy an' me—an' we took her picture one day—snapshot—I mean daddy did. He's got it yet. Come up to his room, and I'll hunt for it."

The children fled into the house and up to Mr. Brown's sitting room. Behind a tall vase John Philip found the object of his search. For a moment Columbia gazed at it with wondering eyes. "Why, it's her!" she shouted, with more force than grammar. "It's my Miss Curtis! She lives near the home. 'Course she's awful nice!" She gazed long and lovingly at the picture. "Say," she said at last, "s'pose we get her for your mother?"

Thereupon followed a discussion of ways and means, and it was not until after luncheon that the committee of two set forth in quest of a mother for John Philip. It was a very startled and amazed young lady who listened to their plea. It was Columbia who offered the most persuasive argument.

"He hasn't anybody but his Aunt Rachel and his father," she said pleadingly, "an' he keeps your picture back of a vase, an' "—

"Who keeps my picture?" Miss Curtis interrupted, her sweet face flushing a rose red.

"Why, John Philip's father," Columbia explained. "I s'pose you didn't know 'bout it then?"

"No, I didn't know," she said. "I didn't know," she repeated to herself again and again.

"Now you know, an' won't you come, please?" It was John Philip who pleaded now. Miss Curtis stooped and took his freckled little face between her slender white hands. "I'll think of it, dear," she promised, "but it will be better not to mention your—your proposal to your father."

John Philip did not agree with her, and that very evening he broke the news to his unsuspecting father. Columbia, with rare delicacy, had declined to be present.

"Daddy," John Philip said bluntly, "I asked her—Columbia an' me."

Philip Brown looked up from his paper. He was a fine specimen of manhood—strong of body and mind, clean of heart and still on "the sunny side" of forty.

"Asked whom?" he said. "Asked what?"

"Miss Curtis, you know.—I—I asked her to be my mother."

Philip Brown sat up very straight and stared at his small son and heir.

"Don't you want her?" the little fellow said, struggling manfully to keep back the tears. "I said I was sure you wanted her, same as I did."

"What did she say?" The question came from between white lips.

"She didn't know you had her picture till Columbia told her. She said she'd think about it, but I'd better not tell you I'd asked her to"—

But John Philip was talking to the empty air. His father was out of the room before the last sentence was finished. He had seized his hat and vanished.

"Gee," John Philip said to himself, "we've done it now, I guess—Columbia an' me!"

They had. The bride and groom said so on their wedding day. John Philip's father had suggested that the orchestra play "Hail Columbia" while the knot was being tied, but, strange to say, the bride elect objected.

Degenerate.

One day in the cloakroom of the senate, apropos of a discussion whether, from an intellectual standpoint, statesmen of the present fall below the standard set by those of the past, one of the members told the following story:

"There lived in Lee county, Ky., a local sage by the name of Jesse Cole. Jesse entertained the notion that the present day type of lawyer was not to be compared with the jurists of the old days. One day as he was entering the courthouse at Beattyville he noticed a group of lawyers who were discussing the points of a case that was to come up that day. Cole, disgusted by their conversation, stepped up to them and said:

"'Gentlemen, thirty or forty years ago the lawyers in this state were men—great, big, immense men, wearing fur hats as big as bushel baskets. But now, gentlemen, I honestly believe that a fellow could without the least difficulty draw a tomato can over the head of any one of you.'"—Harper's Weekly.

Things to Eliminate.

That candy eating habit, girls—does it do you any good?

That tobacco habit, boys, or the occasional "treating" or "being treated"—is it of real use or benefit?

That way of spending money on every little trifle that we fancy—is it of real use or benefit?

Those people whom we go to see and also entertain, yet really care nothing for—is this society of any real use or benefit?

Better one good friend of nature, stimulating, congenial and sympathetic, saith the prophet, than a host of society friends of the wreathed smile, the nod and beck which conceal the sneer.

These fads of music or art or short fits of study—are they of any real use or benefit?

One branch of knowledge concentrated upon amounts to more in the long run.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

THE GRAY SQUIRREL.

He Is a Genius at Hiding Nuts and Finding Them Again.

"One of the most familiar sounds of the summer woods is the rattling bark of the red squirrel," writes an observer. "The tones of his voice are varied, and there is a great difference between his angry bark, his cry of fear, the chattering monologue with which he addresses an intruder on his domain, the running fire of repartee which is the constant accompaniment of the antics of a pair at play and the long rattling roll call which he utters apparently from sheer enjoyment of the sound or as a challenge to some unseen enemy of his own tribe and which reverberates through the woods often with sufficient force to carry the sound for as much as half to three quarters of a mile. If we listen for an instant when we hear one of these challenges sent forth we may hear it answered from some distant point so faintly that we cannot be certain that it is not an echo. Some other male has heard the challenge and, detecting the self satisfied note in it, has answered, and we may be fairly certain that they are hastening toward each other, each with the intention of annihilating his foe or at least teaching him a lesson.

"Gray squirrels, unlike most of the rodents, do not hibernate in the winter time, but are abroad and very active during most of the season. Their nests are then in hollow trees, but they usually leave these retreats in March and build airier and less vermin infested abodes in the tree tops of leaves and twigs. If you can watch a gray squirrel gathering nuts in the fall you will see him take a nut in his cheek pouch and hop along the ground, testing it every few yards with his front feet. When he has found a spot entirely to his liking he will scoop out a shallow hole and, placing the nut in it, will cover it up with the loose earth. This he will stamp down and restore to its former condition by scraping the loose leaves and small stones over it.

"This performance he repeats again and again in that and other localities until he has hidden away in this manner a large quantity of nuts, one squirrel often burying several hundred. In the winter, as he needs them, he unearths these nuts, and it is wonderful how unerringly he can go to his various caches, even though, as frequently happens, they may all be covered with a foot or more of snow."

BITS FROM THE AUTHORS.

The three qualities I admire in woman are beauty, unselfishness, gentleness.—T. P. O'Connor.

Why do so many women spoil men, even as they spoil horses, by too lavish use of spur and whip and tearing rein?—Rita.

Our minds find in books what our bodies find in our surroundings—health or disease, according to our constitution.—Sarah Grand.

Instinct is the name that we give to motives which cause actions not to be accounted for by common sense. Power and foresight are things that keep a nation alive.—Bart Kennedy.

So long as men and women marry with inferior motives or with no motive except the novelty of being married they are going to reap results which they do not want.—Lavinia Hart.

An Elastic Statement.

The new reporter in his story of the wedding, says the Baltimore American, wrote, "The floral display stretched from the chancel rail to the doors of the church."

The city editor in a mild manner, as is the custom of city editors with new reporters, said:

"Couldn't you have used a better word than 'stretched'? Say the floral display 'nodded' or 'twined' or something like that—some word more suggestive of flowers."

"'Stretched' is all right in this case," replied the new reporter, with the stubborn courage of a realist. "The decorations consisted of six rubber plants, and they had to stretch to cover the distance."

Real Value of College Education.

We are apt to overestimate the value of an education received from books alone. A large part of the value of a college education comes from the social intercourse of the students, the reenforcement, the buttressing of character, by association. Their faculties are sharpened and polished by the attrition of mind with mind and the pitting of brain against brain, which stimulate ambition, brighten the ideals and open up new hopes and possibilities. Book knowledge is valuable, but the knowledge which comes from mind intercourse is invaluable.—O. S. Marden in Success Magazine.

One Way.

Hicks—He'll never succeed in life—never made a living, in fact. Wicks—Why do you think that? Hicks—Oh, every time he opens his mouth he puts his foot in it. Wicks—Well, that's one way at least of making both ends meet.—Catholic Standard and Times.

Saved Trouble.

Daisy—Why, Rose, dear, what have you done to your poodle? The last time I saw him his hair was white, Rose—Yes, but it was such a nuisance to keep him washed, you know, so I just had him dyed brown!—Detroit Free Press.

Can Always Tell.

"There goes a total failure."

"How do you know he is?"

"He's always sneering at other men's success."—Cleveland Leader.

He Knew Too.

Meekly.—Yes, we're going to move to Swamphurst. Doctor—But the climate there may disagree with your wife. Meekly—It wouldn't dare!

Subscribe for
The MINER
and get all
the news

The Miner and Tribune Farmer
$1.25 per year in advance. Subscribe now.

INSURANCE.
Life Fire and Accident
written by
W. F. SPECHT
SMETHPORT, PA.

EMIL THAMM
MANUFACTURER OF
Fine Cigars.
Wholesale and Retail

REWARDED

By
CHANNING POLLOCK

Copyright, 1903, by Channing Pollock

Sallie Marshall went to Red Bank for her vacation almost entirely because Frank Ewing was there. To her friends in the offices of the American Opera Chair company she said that she felt the quiet of the place to be what she most needed. In point of fact, however, what she most needed was the love of the young bookkeeper who had dropped his pen a week before with the avowed intention of rusticating at Red Bank.

The ordinary, sensible woman of thirty-two, which was the exact age of Miss Marshall, probably would not have sympathized with her ideals concerning this requirement. Ewing was just twenty-eight, and his "gray matter" was not gray because of maturity or overexertion. He was exceedingly good looking, exceedingly tall and broad and debonair, and these virtues had appealed at once to little Miss Marshall, whose eyes were accustomed to grayness of mind and of other things.

Ewing liked Miss Marshall, too, in a patronizing sort of fashion, his regard having been deepened considerably by the discovery that she was mistress of "double entry" and not at all averse to double labor. His affection never melted into words, and it was sufficiently adjustable to permit of being put quite out of the way when its possessor met so fluffy and alluring a person as Nellie Carruth.

"Frank Ewing's gone with your girl again," Miss Marshall heard an idler remark banteringly to another as she climbed the steps of the Globe hotel. She stopped to fumble a handkerchief out of her bag.

"Who? Nellie Carruth?" inquired the youth addressed. "Looks as if I was cut out, doesn't it?".

That he was not the only individual "cut out" Miss Marshall learned immediately upon the return of the pair. Fluttering about the plazza, she discerned them at the end of the street, the bookkeeper hanging on the words of his companion as no amount of mere appreciation of wisdom ever made man hang on the words of woman. Ewing was greatly embarrassed, too, when he saw Miss Marshall, although she tried to seem uninterested alike in his presence and in his attention to the blue frocked girl to whom he presented her.

Ewing was acting quite within his rights, she told herself later, obeying the impulse that bade her justify him even to herself. He had made no pact with her, at least no verbal pact, and she knew that few men recognized the validity of unspoken contracts. Why should a fine, strong fellow whose life was before him be tied to a neutral tinted woman who already realized that her future was to be only her past stripped of its illusions? If Frank Ewing wanted to marry Nellie Carruth it wasn't any of her business.

Nevertheless while presenting an imperturbable front to that part of the world located at Red Bank she suffered keenly the next few days. Miss Carruth and her widowed mother occupied a cottage near the river, and between walking, riding and boating she and her new admirer were together almost constantly. Ewing glanced at Miss Marshall once or twice, assured himself that she didn't care and was glad that he had not committed himself. Ewing was not a bad sort of a man; he was just a man.

This was the state of affairs when a fire at the Carruth cottage upset Red Bank and permitted to the bookkeeper a display of courage which seemed to write "finis" to his romance. The blaze broke out at dead of night and gained such headway in the front part of the dwelling that there appeared scant probability that the two inmates could be rescued. Red Bank's volunteer fire brigade propped its ladders against the veranda before the bedroom windows, but very wisely refused to mount them through the blast furnace of the blazing porch. Ewing went up one of them like a toy monkey, and a stick and carried both women to places of safety.

Miss Marshall, who thought it risky to be among the spectators at a fire, did not witness this deed, but she heard of it and her heart swelled with pride. She had known all along that Ewing was capable of just such heroism. Forgetting her previous reserve, she hastened to congratulate him, bringing up speechless and tearful before the couch on which he lay nursing a bandaged burn on his cheek.

This burn, the result of contact with a falling brand, kept the bookkeeper wrapped in darkness and oil silk for a fortnight. His right eye had been endangered, and had to be treated carefully. Miss Marshall forfeited a considerable amount of salary and remained at Red Bank. She really was needed after Miss Carruth, to whom the fire soon became only an impersonal occurrence which made good material for story telling, found a rowboat shared with her earlier admirer rather preferable to a stuffy room shared with her later suitor and the odor of iodoform.

The injured man missed her greatly and inquired of Miss Marshall concerning her. Miss Marshall, with bravery in the feminine gender of that which he exhibited at the fire, replied that she supposed Miss Carruth much occupied with getting furniture for her new cottage.

"Her new cottage?" exclaimed Ewing. "I may be interested in that myself some day."

Miss Marshall tried to change the subject.

"She's a brick!" the convalescent went on. "Pretty as a picture too. Don't you think she's pretty, Miss Marshall?"

Miss Marshall did.

She concluded that Miss Carruth was something better than pretty when she witnessed her first meeting with Ewing after the bandages had been taken from his face. The brand had pencilled an indelible mark of seared scarlet from his forehead to his throat. Miss Carruth gave vent to an abbreviated scream when she saw it and then, mastering herself, grasped the victim's hand firmly. "I didn't realize," she said, "how much you had done for me."

Manifestly Miss Marshall had been unjust in considering her a mere doll.

One evening soon after, however, when she was sitting at her window, looking into the mist of her life, she was given reason to resurrect her first opinion. Ewing and Miss Carruth were seated below, and Ewing was proposing marriage. The woman upstairs knew that she ought not to listen, but her breath was quivering in her throat, and she could not move away to save her soul.

"Don't!" Miss Carruth was urging when her voice first became audible. "Don't, Frank! Please don't!"

"But why?" he persisted. "I love you. Until this moment I was sure that you loved me."

"I did!" cried the girl. "Oh, I did until— You mustn't ever ask me to marry you!"

"Why?" repeated Ewing. The repetition was determined. "I think I have earned the right to a reason."

"That is the reason!"

"What?" The word was spoken sharply, like a military command. Miss Carruth quailed.

"What—what happened when you earned the right? Oh, I know—I'm horrid! I know I'll be ashamed all the rest of my life. But—your cheek! I couldn't bear to look at that scar."

"Oh!" said Ewing.

"If it hadn't been for me you wouldn't have been burned," Miss Carruth went on, sobbing almost hysterically. "I realize that. I'm sorry, indeed I'm sorry! Won't you say you forgive me?"

"Yes," said Ewing. "It's not your fault. I've just been a fool. I see it now. I'm going away tomorrow."

"And you won't think too harshly of me?"

Ewing rose, and Miss Marshall heard him push back his chair. "I'll try not to think of you at all," he answered. "I'll try to remember a little woman who has never forgotten me. Her love was too fine for me to comprehend at first, but somehow I seem to understand it now."

Then two sounds broke the stillness of the night. Frank Ewing had gone into the hotel, slamming the door after him, and Sallie Marshall, fainting for the first time in her life, had fallen to the floor.

Competent, but Unprejudiced.

In the course of the year Parson Whitaker received many calls to marry, christen and bury in the villages round Canby, so it often happened that his services were required in families of which he knew little more than the name of the person on whose behalf he was to officiate.

One day he was summoned to a lonely farm to perform the burial service. On arriving there after some vicissitudes he was met by a forlorn looking man who was evidently in charge of affairs.

"Are there relatives left whom I should mention," the minister asked, "and is there any special point of which I should speak?"

"No, there weren't any real points about Abner Saunders," said the man slowly. "I guess I'm an unprejudiced judge, and I should say there weren't. As for relatives, there's no one left but an aged brother. I guess you'd better mention him. 'Twould kind of please him. You might say that he's always done his best and that 'twas a great privilege for the deceased to have him near by at the last."

"Certainly I will do so," said Parson Whitaker cordially. "I suppose from what you say the aged brother has had more or less trouble in the past."

"He's had his trials," said the man briefly.

When the service was over the minister stepped toward his informant.

"I didn't see the aged brother," he said in a low tone. "Is he in the house? He might like to have me speak to him before I go."

"I'm the aged brother," said the forlorn man, holding out a limp hand.

An Alarming Symptom.

"Patients often have such absurd ideas about things!" sighed the doctor in charge of the tuberculosis division of the hospital, says the New York Tribune. "Now, there's the subject of hemorrhages. I had a patient brought in here who was said to be a bad case. He had been on an egg and milk diet, yet was no better. I asked him if he had ever had a hemorrhage, and he said that he had had one very bad one.

"'Tell me about it,' said I. 'How were you taken?'

"'Well,' said he, 'I got hit on the head with a stick. It bled awful, and the doctor said it was a bad hemorrhage. He had to take eight stitches to stop it.'

"An Irishman occupied a bed in the tuberculosis ward, and one morning as I passed his bed I asked:

"'Well, Pat, do you raise anything?'

"He didn't understand me.

"'Do you raise anything when you cough?' I said again, but as he couldn't get what I meant through his head I went off. In a few moments he called me back.

"'Oh, doctor,' he said, 'I've been noticing, and I do. Every time I cough I raise me right leg.'"

How She Won Out.

Gladys—Papa says you're a loafer, Jack. Jack—What reason has he for entertaining such an opinion of me as that? Gladys—He says you spend three or four evenings here every week without having any apparent purpose in coming.—Chicago Tribune.

A Wretch.

Justice—What's the charge against this prisoner? Officer—Yer honor, he's a public nuisance. He's been goin' around in th' dead of night wakin' up night watchmen an' then runnin' away!—Cleveland Leader.

Some successful men are 95 per cent backbone, and some others are 95 per cent cheek.—Chicago News.

A RIDE UP PIKE'S PEAK.

It Is Liable to Almost Literally Burst Your Head Open.

To take a pleasure ride that almost literally bursts your head open is a novelty thrilling enough, it is to be presumed, for the most eager thrill seeker. But that is what often happens to him who essays the dizzy heights of Pike's peak, 14,000 feet above sea level.

"I went up on the cog road from Manitou," said a Baltimore man, "in company with a party of tourists, and before we reached the Halfway House there were two who exhibited such positive symptoms of distress that at the first stop they had to leave and take the next train down. The rest of us continued. In a seat a little in front of us was a young girl who had been growing gradually hysterical and whom we had been watching curiously to see what would happen next. It happened. Suddenly she threw up her hands and fell backward, with blood gushing from her mouth, ears, eyes and nose. The conductor, who was evidently accustomed to such scenes, told her escort to lay her flat on her back, as the pressure was less there than at the head height in a sitting posture. Then, at the next station, she was taken off and sent back to Manitou by the wagon road. They didn't dare to take her down by train as the quick change to the denser air might have proved serious.

"Well, we kept going and reached the top. I thought I'd take a short run in the thin, rarefied air, and I did—took a dozen steps, when my heart began to beat like a trip hammer, and I concluded that running at that height was not for me. They told me you couldn't boil eggs or beans up there. I don't know, because I didn't try. We had our pictures taken sitting on a rock up in that barren spot, where nothing will grow but the edelweiss, and bought some souvenirs. Then we came down, and, so far as I am concerned, they can level the mountain tomorrow. I'll never have any more use for it. Manitou, Garden of the Gods and North Cheyenne canyon for mine, but no more of that sky business."—Baltimore News.

LEND A HAND.

Lend a hand to the tempted.

Lend a hand to souls in the shallow.

Lend a hand to those who are often misjudged.

Lend a hand to the soul crushed with unspeakable loss.

Lend a hand to the poor fighting the wolf from the door.

Lend a hand to those whose lives are narrow and cramped.

Lend a hand to the boy struggling bravely to cultivate his mind.

Lend a hand to the young people whose homes are cold and repelling.

Lend a hand to those whose surroundings are steadily pulling them down.

Lend a hand to the prodigal sister. Her life is as precious as that of the prodigal brother.

Lend a hand to the girl who works, works and knows nothing of recreation and rest.

Lend a hand—an open hand, a warm hand, a strong hand, an uplifting hand, a hand filled with mercy and help.—Silver Cross.

Won Each Time.

About thirty years ago a remarkable bet was made between Captain M., a racing celebrity, and another officer who was noted for his activity. Captain M. bet £50 that his fellow officer would not hop up a certain flight of stairs "two at a time." The offer was taken; but, as there were forty-one steps in the flight, he found after taking twenty hops that he was left only one step to negotiate and had lost. He accused Captain M. of sharp practice, but the latter replied:

"Well, I'll wager you another £50 I do it."

The officer, thinking to get back his money, again accepted. Captain M. then hopped up forty steps in twenty hops and, hopping back one, finished by going up the last two steps and won.—London Standard.

Ancestry.

Napoleon never pointed to his ancestry as the source of his unparalleled ambition and achievements, but said, "I am my own ancestry." A patrician once said to Cicero, "You are a plebeian." "I am," said Cicero. "The nobility of my family begins with me; that of yours ends with you." Better be the foundation of a new pyramid than the apex of an old one. Better make your family proud of you than be foolishly proud of your family, with nothing in you to enable them to return the compliment.

RAILROAD WATCHES

We make a specialty of railroad watches. He uses a special movement containing 21 jewels, one that runs with wonderful accuracy and is built to stand the wear and tear, smosh and slam of the railroad business.

KERR

Main St. Smethport

YOUR TURN

We want to give everybody a chance at our cut price suits and overcoats.

Make known your wishes by mail if you can't come here in person.

Your commands will be obeyed to the letter.

Whatever you buy can be exchanged for the money if you "no like."

$10.00 suits and overcoats, now $7.00.

$15.00 suits and overcoats, now $9.25.

$20.00 suits and overcoats, now $14.25.

IKE SIMONS,

BIG DOUBLE CLOTHING HOUSE

52-54 Main Street.

Dr. KENNEDY'S FAVORITE REMEDY

Pleasant to take, Powerful to Cure, And Welcome in every Home.

KIDNEY and LIVER cure.

Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy is adapted to all ages and both sexes, affording permanent relief in all cases caused by impurity of the blood, such as Kidney, Bladder and Liver Complaints, Constipation, and weaknesses peculiar to women. Successful for 30 years. Prepared by DR. D. KENNEDY'S SONS, Rondout, N. Y. $1.00 all druggists. Six bottles $5.00.

SHERIFF'S SALES.

BY VIRTUE OF SUNDRY WRITS OF FIERI FACIAS, Everett Enelas and Wendulant Enelas, Alias Fiori Enelas, Pluries Fieri Enelas, issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of McKean County, Pa., and to me directed, I will expose at public sale in the Court House, in the borough of Smethport, on

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 27, 1905,

at 1 p. m., the following several pieces of property:

1.

Defendants' interest in all that certain piece of land situated in the township of Lafayette, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, known and described as follows: Beginning at a post in the north line of lot No. 58 of the Minard Run tract distant sixty and 78-100 rods from the corner of lot No. 56; thence along the north line of lot No. 58 north 86 degrees west thirty and 39-100 rods to a post; thence north 3 degrees 30 minutes east one hundred thirty-one and 64-100 rods to a post in the south line of lot No. 52; thence along said south line of lot No. 52 south 86 degrees east thirty and 39-100 rods to a post; thence parallel with the west line of lot No. 58 south 3 degrees 30 minutes west one hundred thirty-one and 64-100 rods to the place of beginning. Containing twenty-five (25 A.) acres of land be the same more or less and being part of lot number 57 (57) in Warrant No. 5274 as surveyed located and staked out by T. M. Towl, surveyor, as subdivided and staked out by J. Opperman surveyor.

Improved and having thereon 2 abandoned oil wells with casing in and 1 boiler and engine.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of Henry Bend, W. M. Tuggs and John F. McDermitt at the suit of T. Evans, Assignee of A. B. Walker and C. C. Melvin, and John Allen, F. G. Babcock and G. C. Howe.

James George, Plaintiffs' Attorney.

2.

Defendant's interest in all that certain piece or parcel of land situate, lying and being in the Township of Bradford, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows, to-wit: Commencing at a post in the north line of highway at the southwest corner of lands deeded to Isabella Raymond; thence north 45 degrees, west one hundred thirty-seven and two-tenths (137.2) rods, more or less, to a post in the south line of Harry Boss land; thence north 87½ degrees west by the line of the Boss farm four and eight-tenths (4 8-10) rods to a post and stones; thence south 45 degrees east one hundred nineteen (119) rods, more or less, to a post and stones, in the north line of the highway; thence north 50 degrees east by the north line of the highway twenty-five and forty-four one-hundredths (25.44) rods to the place of beginning. Containing twenty and one-half (20½) acres more or less. Excepting and reserving the Wagner burial lot as now staked and deeded. Also excepting and reserving all the Oil and Gas in and upon said land, together with the right of free ingress, egress and regress over and upon the same for the proper enjoyment of the rights so reserved. No improvements thereon.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of H. E. Brown, Administrator of the estate of A. A. Agnew, deceased, at the suit of D. H. Rook, now for use of S. G. Coffin.

James George, Plaintiff's Attorney.

3.

Defendants' interest in all lots No. 203 and 204 that certain piece, parcel or lot of land, situate, lying and being in the City of Bradford, county of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, bounded as follows, to-wit: Beginning at a post two and five-tenth of the northwest corner of Kennedy and Amm streets; thence westerly one hundred and two feet to a post; thence northerly fifty feet to a post; thence easterly one hundred and two feet to a post; thence southerly along the west line of Kennedy street fifty feet to place of beginning. Being lots number two hundred and three (203) and two hundred and four (204) on map of Bayne, Amm and Kennedy's lands as surveyed by Geo. T. Keith, surveyor, June 1878 and being same land conveyed by Samuel G. Bayne et al to Mrs. Lucy B. DeGolier by deed dated October 4th, A. D. 1879, and recorded in McKean County Records in DeedBook, Vol. 3, page 118, &c.

Improved and having thereon a one story frame dwelling house.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of Lucy B. DeGolier Brown and Thomas Brown at the suit of Anna Powers.

D. H. Jack, Plaintiff's Attorney.

4.

Defendant's interest in a lot of land in Hamlin Township, McKean County and State of Pennsylvania, part of Warrants Nos. 3124 and 3127, bounded and described as follows: Being Lot No. 6 of the E. K. Kane survey of 1876 & 1877, situated on the west side of the Big Level Road:—Commencing at a post the southeast corner of said lot; thence west 128 rods to a post corner; thence north 11 degrees east 75.4 rods to a beech corner; thence south 74 degrees east 126 rods to a post corner on the west side of said road; thence in a southwesterly direction along said road 56 rods to the place of beginning. Containing fifty acres more or less.

Reserving and excepting thereout the right of way of the Pittsburg & Western Railroad, and also subject to the reservations and restrictions contained in Articles of Agreement filed in this case.

Improved and having thereon one, two story framed dwelling house, one barn and a quantity of fruit trees.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of Nels Peter Nelson at the suit of Elizabeth D. Kane.

A. P. Huey, Plaintiff's Attorney.

5.

Defendant's interest in all that certain tract of land situate in the Township of Hamlin, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, and being Lot No. 8 in Warrant No. 3127, bounded on the east by the Smethport road; south by land formerly of August Gustafson in Lot No. 2, and west and north by lands of Stenstrom Estate. Containing 48 acres, and subject to the reservations and restrictions contained in Articles of Agreement filed in this case.

Improved and having thereon one, two story frame dwelling house, one bank barn and a quantity of fruit trees.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of Charles Peterson at the suit of Thomas L. Kane, now use of Elizabeth D. Kane.

A. P. Huey, Plaintiff's Attorney.

6.

Defendants' interest in all that certain tract of land situate in the Borough of Kane, McKean County and State of Pennsylvania, part of Warrant No. 3210, being Lot No. 83 Welsh Street, bounded and described as follows, Beginning at a post in the west line of Welsh Street one hundred sixty feet southward of the southwest corner of Welsh and Reynolds Streets, and fifty-four and one-half feet northward of a stone marking the corner of Kinzua Avenue; thence at right angles to Welsh street, south seventy degrees west (S. 70 degrees W.) eighty (80) feet to a post; thence parallel to Welsh street north twenty degrees west (N. 20 degrees W.) fifty (50) feet; thence at right angles north seventy degrees east (N. 70 degrees E.) eighty (80) feet; thence by the west line of Welsh Street (50 feet from the center thereof) south twenty degrees east (S. 20 degrees E.) fifty (50) feet to the place of beginning. Containing four thousand square feet more or less.

Being the same premises which were conveyed to Hilda Heslin by Leonard S. Bancroft and wife by Deed dated January 2nd, 1903, which said Deed is recorded in the Recorder's Office of McKean County in Deed Book Vol. 114, page 2.

Improved and having thereon one, two story frame dwelling house.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of John Heslin and Hilda Heslin at the suit of Conewango Building & Loan Association.

E. C. Anderson, Plaintiff's Attorney.

CHAS. E. MAYS, Sheriff.

Sheriff's Office, Smethport, Pa., Feb. 7, 1905.

Notice in Divorce.

A. D. No. 29, October Term, 1904.

MCKEAN COUNTY, ss.—THE COMMONwealth of Pennsylvania to the Sheriff of said county, greeting:

Whereas, Nellie A. King did, on the 9th day of June 1904, prefer her petition to our said Judges of the said Court of Common Pleas of said county, praying for the causes therein set forth she might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you, J. H. King.

We therefore command you, the said J. H. King, that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever, you be and appear in your proper pers n before our Judges at Smethport, at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the county of McKean on the fourth Monday of February next to answer the petition or libel of Nellie A. King and show cause, if any you have, why the said Nellie A. King, your wife, should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you, and why the said Judges of the said Court of Common Pleas of said county should not decree a divorce a vinculo matrimonii, agreeably to the Acts of Assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not.

A true copy.

CHARLES E. MAYS, Sheriff.

Smethport, Pa., January 31, 1905.

Gallup & Bouton, Libellant's Attorney.

Notice in Divorce.

A. D. No. 250, Oct. Term, 1904.

MCKEAN COUNTY, ss.—THE COMMONwealth of Pennsylvania to the Sheriff of said county, greeting:

Whereas, Bryants M. Redding did, on the 1st day of September 1904, prefer her petition to our said Judges of the said Court of Common Pleas of said county, praying for the causes therein set forth she might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you, C. A. Redding.

We therefore command you, the said C. A. Redding, that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever, you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport, at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the county of McKean, on the fourth Monday of February, 1905, to answer the petition or libel of Bryants M. Redding and show cause, if any you have, why the said Bryants M. Redding, your wife, should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony, agreeably to the Acts of Assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not.

A true copy.

CHARLES E. MAYS, Sheriff.

Smethport, Pa., Jan. 30, 1905.

E. R. Mayo & Son, Libellant's Attorneys.

Notice in Divorce.

A. D. No. 255, October Term, 1904

MCKEAN COUNTY, ss.—THE COMMONwealth of Pennsylvania to the sheriff of said county, greeting:

Whereas, Ellen Caroline Daubenspeck did, on the 15th day of September 1904, prefer her petition to our said Judges of the said Court of Common Pleas of said county, praying for the causes there in set forth she might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you, Samuel Smiley Daubenspeck.

We, therefore command you, the said Samuel Smiley Daubenspeck, that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever, you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport, at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the county of McKean, on the fourth Monday of February next to answer the petition or libel of Ellen Caroline Daubenspeck and show cause, if any you have, why the said Ellen Caroline Daubenspeck, your wife, should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony, agreeably to the Acts of Assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not.

A true copy.

CHARLES E. MAYS, Sheriff.

Smethport, Pa., January 31, 1905

E. R. Stone, Libellant's Attorney.

Notice in Divorce.

A. D. No. 226, October Term, 1904.

MCKEAN COUNTY, ss.—THE COMMONwealth of Pennsylvania to the Sheriff of said county, greeting:

Whereas, Wayne V. Mason did, on the 27th day of August 1904, prefer his petition to our said Judges of the said Court of Common Pleas of said County, praying for the causes therein set forth he might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you, Effie M. Mason.

We therefore command you, the said Effie M. Mason, that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever, you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport, at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the County of McKean, on the fourth Monday of February next to answer the petition or libel of Wayne V. Mason and show cause, if any you have, why the said Wayne V. Mason, your husband, should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony, agreeably to the Acts of Assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not.

A true copy.

CHARLES E. MAYS, Sheriff

Smethport, Pa., January 31st, 1905.

John N. Apple, Libellant's Attorney.

Notice of Application for Charter.

Notice is hereby given that an application will be made by R. W. Hilton, J. M. Hilton, R. E. Burdick and their associates, all citizens of the State of Pennsylvania, to the Governor of Pennsylvania in the city of Harrisburg, Pa., on Monday, the 27th day of February, A. D. 1905, at eleven o'clock a. m., under the provisions of the Act of Assembly of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, entitled, "An Act to provide for the incorporation and regulation of certain corporations," approved April 29th, A. D. 1874, and its supplements, for the charter of an intended corporation to be called the KEYSTONE GLASS COMPANY, the character and object of which is the manufacture of window glass, plate glass and other articles of glassware, and the sale and purchase thereof, and for these purposes to have, possess and enjoy all the rights, benefits and privileges conferred by said Act of Assembly and its supplements.

E. R. MAYO & SON, Solicitors.

Smethport, Pa., Feb. 1st, 1905.

Charter Notice.

Notice is hereby that an application will be made to the Governor of the State of Pennsylvania, on Tuesday, the 28th day of February, A. D. 1905, by William L. Hamilton, John Troy and Daniel M. Cooper, under the Act of Assembly of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, entitled "An Act to provide for the incorporation and regulation of certain corporations," approved April 29th, 1874, and the supplements thereto, for the charter of an intended corporation to be called "The Newton Chemical Company," the character and object of which is the manufacture and sale of wood alcohol, acetate of lime, charcoal, woodtar and other products from wood, and for these purposes to have, possess and enjoy all the rights, benefits and privileges of the said Act of Assembly and its supplements. GORTON & RICHMOND, Solicitors.

Smethport, Pa., Feb'y. 1905.

Notice of Administration.

In the Estate of John S. Coady deceased. Letters of administration have been duly granted by the Register of Wills upon the estate of John S. Coady, late of Smethport, County of McKean, and State of Pennsylvania, deceased, to Joseph E. Mundy, residing in Smethport, County of McKean, State of Pennsylvania, to whom all persons who are indebted to said estate are requested to make payment, and all persons having any legal claim against or demand upon said estate, shall make the same known without delay.

JOSEPH E. MUNDY, Administrator.

Smethport, Pa., February 1, 1905.

Professional Cards.

Attorneys.

Gorton & Richmond.
ATTORNEYS AT LAW. All legal business given prompt attention.
Smethport, Pa.

Gallup & Bouton,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW. All legal business promptly and carefully attended to. Office over Hamlin's Bank, Smethport, Pa.

E. L. Keenan.
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW. Office adjoining Residence, Main Street, Smethport, Pa.
All legal business attended to promptly.

BYRON D. HAMLIN. JOHN FORREST.
Hamlin & Forrest
LAW AND LAND OFFICE, Smethport, Pa. Office of the lands of Hamlin & Forrest (formerly Keating & Co.) situated in the counties of McKean, Potter, Cameron, Clinton and Clearfield.

E. R. Mayo & Son.
ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Office in Odd Fellows Building, over the Post Office, Smethport, Pa. Office connected with long distance telephone. E. R. Mayo, notary public.

Thomas H. Morrison,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
Smethport, Penn'a.
All legal business given prompt and careful attention.

D. F. Sherman,
PENSION ATTORNEY AND NOTARY PUBLIC. Claims for Bounty, Back Pay, Pensions, &c., both War of the Rebellion and Spanish War claims given prompt attention. Special attention given to both widow's and invalid claims under the act of May 9, 1900. Office No. 136 Main street, Bradford, Pa. Telephone 404.

Physicians.

Burg Chadwick, M. D.
—PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON—
Office in Drug Store.
Calls answered promptly day or night.
Bell 'Phone.

H. L. McCoy.
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, office in I. O. O. F. Block, Main Street, Smethport, Pa.

John Clark, M. D. C. M.
Office and Residence in Clark Block, Smethport, Pa. Office Hours, 8 to 10 a. m. and 1 to 3 p. m.

W. A. Ostrander, Ph. G., M. D.
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON.
Office and Residence over Leimbrer's harness shop.
Day or Night Calls promptly attended to.

G. E. Benninghoff.
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, 21 Main St., Bradford, Pa. Special attention given to surgery and surgical diseases of women. Office hours from 1:30 to 3:30 and 7 to 8 p. m.

J. C. Brown.
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. Office and Residence one door East of Catholic Parsonage, Main Street, Smethport, Pa.

ROBERT HAMILTON, M. D., C. M.
Office hours—8 to 9 a. m. and 1 to 3 p. m. Office and residence, Hamilton Block, second floor, Smethport, Pa.

Dr. E. R. Baker,
DENTIST.
Teeth extracted without pain. All kinds of dental work done promptly and satisfaction guaranteed.
Office over McCoy's Drug Store.

Hotels.

GRAND CENTRAL HOTEL,
JAMES McGUIRE, Prop'r.
Main Street, Smethport, Pa.
This hotel has recently been renovated and refurnished. The table and bar constantly supplied with the best the market affords. First-class in every respect. Rates reasonable.

HOTEL IMPERIAL,
Main street, Smethport, Pa., Dave Bacon, Proprietor.
This House has recently been greatly improved in all its appointments, making it one of the most convenient hotels in the country. Good beds and attentive clerks. The tables are supplied with all the delicacies of the season. A liberal share of the public patronage is respectfully solicited.

SARTWELL HOUSE,
PORT ALLEGANY, PA.
Having recently purchased the above Hotel, and made extensive improvements, I am prepared to cater to the traveling public.
C. S. KING, PROPRIETOR.

COMMERCIAL HOUSE,
F. L. SHERBURNE, Prop.
125 Main Street, Smethport, Pa.
Refitted, repainted and refurnished throughout. The COMMERCIAL is complete in all its arrangements. I am prepared to cater to the wants of the general public. Give me a call.

BAYER HOUSE,
CLERMONT, PENNA.
This house has just been rebuilt and refurnished. The tables are supplied with the best the market affords and the accommodations are all that can be desired. The bar is supplied with the best brands of liquors and cigars.
BOYD & SMITH, Proprietors.

Novelty Restaurant.
New York Counts,
Clams, Cigars
THOMAS YOUNG, PROP'R.

Just Received!
The Finest and most complet line of
Picture Mouldings
ever brought to Smethport. Before you purchase a frame call and see the elegant assortment at my studio.
"IKE" GLEASON, The Photographer
Smethport, Pa.